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THE

WORKS

DISCARDED

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.

WITH

Notes, Historical and Critical.

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

CORRECTED AND REVISED BY

JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A. EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

VOL. XIII.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; R. BALDWIN; OTRIDGE AND SON; F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. PAYNE; R. FAULDER; G. ROBINSON; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; R. LEA; J. NUNN; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; J. WALKER; T. EGERTON; CLARKE AND SON; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; J. CARPENTER; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; CADELL AND DAVIES; W. MILLER; J. AND A. ARCH; S. BAGSTER; J. MURRAY; J. HARDING; R. H. EVANS; AND J. MAWMAN.

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Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street.

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EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MAY 1, 1733.

I SHOULD have answered yours of the 22d of March long ago, but that I have had some troubles and frights: and the uneasiness I was under made me neglect what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myself; Mrs. Chamber's younger sister having had the small pox; but now perfectly well, though she has hitherto been a very puny sickly girl. Mrs. Floyd too has been excessively bad with her winter cough and disspiritedness; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of Dorset bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of Churchtown is at Mr. Stafford Lightburne's service. As to the Countess of Suffolk's affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her without the show of justice; and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your

friend's * death came; for though you are a proud parson, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. Kelly's humble servant; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in Ireland, than she was in England. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for; though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion to politicks. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile like a Roman emperor?

Adieu, my ever honoured old friend; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

TO MR. POPE.

DUBLIN, MAY 1, 1733.

I ANSWER your letter the sooner because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, "The Life and Character "of Dr. Swift, written by himself." It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication after a formal story says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two

* Mr. Gay. N.

ago

ago near five hundred lines upon the same maxim, in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis, for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I showed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line or thought is contained in this imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen till I can be seen no more: I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it, which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise: I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived among you;

because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill nature in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living, you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the lady or the lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villany, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness, only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull *, why are they so angry? give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged than to see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen, burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately

* It is singular, he should not here consider for a moment how well this observation applied to Pope: *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*—If Cibber, Dennis, &c. were so *dull*, why was Pope so *angry?* BOWLES.

like

like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and he tells me, he gave only two which he will recall. I have a short epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line, or two at most, and then I will send it you, with his permission. I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *striking their aching*, the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the duchess, who has lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critick on you and your neighbour *: but first kill his father that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I shall find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not.—The collection you speak of is this. A printer came to me † to desire he might print my works (as he called them)

* The neighbour is lord Bolingbroke, and he evidently hints at the doctrines of the Essay on Man.—Lord Bolingbroke's father, lord St. John, was still living. BOWLES.

† George Faulkner of Dublin, who printed these four volumes of his works. BOWLES.

in

in four volumes by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London; I answered, they could, if the partners agreed. He said, "he would be glad of my permission, but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," &c. Much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determined not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *quæ virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

FROM MISS KELLY.

SIR, JARVIS STREET, MAY 4, 1733.

I AM sure if you know what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, sir, my uneasiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship

friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, sir, how unhappy I now am; and for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me.—I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will, in some measure, lessen the fault. Indeed, sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and methinks it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive me into favour: nothing I desire half so much; and do assure you, I spent so bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have had an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour, was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions, that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good sir; and, if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errours I have been guilty of.

If

If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you, to send me a line to assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and for God's sake, sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to Bristol, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: and if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

FROM MR. POPE.

MAY 28, 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by lord Orrery,

Orrery*, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue: all other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed by virtue for virtue. My poetry I abandon to the criticks, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me: and therefore I was more pleased with your libel, than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprised to receive from the printer that spurious piece called The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the person who "published it had assured him the dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I cannot tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; though had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

* Curll says, in the account of his examination before the House of Peers, that he "had more Lords than Pope."

Perhaps lords Orrery and Bathurst were the most respectable noblemen with whom Pope could boast much communication, but, with all his affected contempt of greatness, he was sufficiently ready to offer incense wherever he thought it might be acceptable, and sometimes his flattery was such as a truly wise and virtuous man

(To virtue only, and her friends a friend)

would disdain.—Swift and Pope were equally servile in their adulation, in general, to those noblemen by whom they were countenanced, as they were petulant to those whom they affected to despise. BOWLES.

I am

I am as earnest as you can be in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends' partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you *, and you will not think that I am merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for satire, but as for anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

My neighbour's writings † have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable history of Europe in these later times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this I doubt not has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

* It is clear from this passage, that Swift doubted the tendency of the Essay on Man, which was founded on Bolingbroke's Philosophical Creed. BOWLES.

† Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works. BOWLES.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, LONDON, MAY 29, 1733.

YOU will find, to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me: had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my lord Bathurst's hands; he read it before me: I looked silly upon his asking me, What you meant by the Fosset affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should. We then talked of your vineyard: he seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have *behaved* * *myself* right: I think

* Dr. Swift could not endure to hear the phrase *Behaved*:—*Behaved what?* he would say with some emotion. He once gave his cousin Deane Swift an account of his rebuking lord Bathurst for this, and that my lord promised him not to be guilty

I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. Donnellan is much your humble servant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, AMESBURY, MAY 31, 1733.

I AM now again your Tunbridge correspondent, His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as cheerful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by six in the morning, designed it always, and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often: for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is as hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet, with all my care, I can-

guilty of the like for the future. The words being here marked under by Mrs. Pendarves prove that she refers to some rebuke of that kind. N.

not

not be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either publick or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly resented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to; that is, going to the Spa about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study, (and a very agreeable one too,) to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of dizziness, which generally goes off by the headach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to spell, a vertico, or vertigo. Pray understand that I, really and truly, do not only say, but mean, that I wish you could either meet us at the Spa, or at London to go on with us; and in this I am sure I shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to resent it extremely if you miss this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirit, or quarreling with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use

use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left London, and heard several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it: but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your lawsuit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts, and ask my advice; if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I should be mighty glad to be of service to you; in making me so, you would show kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to lady Catharine and Charlotte as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and a half; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is hers. I have a brother that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to London, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly

doubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

FROM MISS KELLY.

SIR, BRISTOL HOT WELLS, JUNE 2, 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be surprised at that, for she was formed to get the better of me in every thing, but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend and servant.

I have been, since I came here, very low spirited; the companions I had some part of my journey lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me; and I have often wished myself again in Ireland to enjoy conversation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for most disorders. This is the dullest place that ever was known; there is not above half a dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes, or Irish impertinents: the former despise one because their clothes are finer than yours; and the latter have no view in keeping your company, but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: and I thank God I can spend my time far better; for either writing

to

to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for such company as the place affords. Doctor Lane (who, by character, is a second Æsculapius, and can raise people from the dead) is my physician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amendment: and as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at seven, I hope I may in time find some benefit: nor do either the ass's milk or waters disagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in: it has the command of such a prospect, that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you sometimes; for, in reality, nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to Tallow * makes a very fine figure in print; but, since you have made this discovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if Dublin be in danger, the deanery house cannot be a safe retreat for you. I wish any thing would send Barber here; for I was at the Bath to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published.

* The country-seat of the archbishop of Dublin. D. S.

published. I am sure you would be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do: her name is Rooke, admiral Rooke's son's lady.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

JUNE 5, 1733.

HAS Mr. Stafford Lightburne's friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he so busy in measuring the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a swimming, that he cannot find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands? However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to Dublin by next post; so pray let Mr. Lightburne be ready to make his personal appearance, lest they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace; and that the no promise from you, is of much more weight than my rhetorick: for I have been so horridly used by a nasty griping brother black coat, in a small three and sixpence affair of my own, that I do not know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent, for the sake of one bishop and

minister, that I say, have cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been South Sea or East India directors.

You are angry if I do not mention Mrs. Floyd to you; so, I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. Kelly, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs. Chamber about her health, and talks of going to Spa. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you soon.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

JUNE 29, 1733.

I DESIRE Mrs. Pilkington will deliver you the paper relating to Gulliver, which I left with her husband. For, since you intend to print a new edition of that book, I must tell you, that the English printer made several alterations which I much disapprove of, and cannot set them right without those papers.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. Pilkington hath an edition of Gulliver, where the true original copy is interleaved in manuscript; I desire I may also see that book.

I am your humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

DUBLIN, JULY 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of dis-

tinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern * (who has just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor †, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two edges of the town, are as firm and dry in winter, as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good humour and taste, able and desirous to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture among you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hack-

* The poet. † Delany.

ney coaches, carts and carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one lord or 'squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I choose to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am lord mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes the lord mayor of the city, and the archbishop of Dublin; only the latter, like the king of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to lord Bolingbroke and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon *.

JON. SWIFT.

* Swift had been remarkably active: the last place of his residence in England was Letcombe in Berkshire (see a letter from Mr.

FROM MISS KELLY.

DEAR SIR, BRISTOL, JULY 8, 1733.

I CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the Gods must take care of Cato; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their society. For, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me: and of all our little set none remained unblessed but myself: but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I have grown fonder of reading, than of any other amusement,

Mr. Barber, dated June 8, 1714, in vol. X.) where there is a hill, which the village tradition says he was in the habit of running up every morning before breakfast. In his declining years, it is known that, for exercise, which he could not take abroad, he pursued the plan, strange as it may appear, of running violently up and down the stairs. N.—There is a kind of cloister in the rector's garden where he used to walk in wet weather, which is still called Dean Swift's Cloister.

BOWLES.

and

and except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs. Rooke's being so good to come down to me; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing: this we make easy, by following our inclinations; for if she likes to walk, she walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to complete our happiness. I had a letter from Mrs. Cleland to enquire about you; she says, she hears you are coming to England; surely if you were, you would tell me so; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendship, increase my esteem for you, and make me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it; for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating it, that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a colonel Chartres, must, to a rational being, give the greatest anxiety; for

who

who would have a father at seventy publickly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a Dulcinea del Tobosco is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear sir, I have been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which, spite of a good constitution, much spirits, and using a great deal of exercise, have brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean, had I lost her in my infancy, and not known her goodness) I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but while I saw how lavish he was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half starved abroad. She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* separate maintenance rather than bear any longer: and as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in France.—His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till September.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove I know not; for I must still pursue this cruel God * that flies me.

* The God of Health, poetically expressed. D. S.

I shall

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for Lane only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow Holling's advice, and remove to Kensington or Hampstead with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to enclose your letters for me to William Cleland, esq., commissioner of taxes, in St. Stephen's Court, Westminster. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again: so now be so good to excuse the tediousness of, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs. Pendarves is gone down with lady Weymouth, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pin-money.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

KNOWLE, JULY 9, 1733.

"NOW," says *Parson Swift* *, "what the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth."—"Why," says I again, "Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but, to my comfort be it spoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's ink †." My bureau at London is so well furnished, and his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give me half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair, I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not: but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the bishop ‡, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is Peterborough; and therefore having a small park in Northamptonshire, which I had a mind to increase by a small dab of

* The name she called the Dean by, in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on The Game of Traffick. H.

† The duke of Dorset was then chief governor of Ireland. N.

‡ Dr. Robert Clavering, bishop of Llandaff in December 1724; translated to Peterborough in Feb. 1728-9. He died in 1747. N.

addition,

addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it; three shillings and sixpence worth of the land *per annum*, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes for a Sunday-dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up, in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40*s.* a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; beside a great dinner for his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies, I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. Kelly is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from Bristol, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! that is such a moral reflection, that lest it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old, and well-beloved friend.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, GLOUCESTER, JULY 21, 1733.

MAY I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and do not call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to me, but I do not repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourself. I do not wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt, and for my bad English; you see what you are like to suffer; if this promises you too much trouble, do not give me so much encouragement in your next letter; for upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may

in

in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the dean of St. Patrick's. Some say, she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one: you must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London: I attended lord and lady Weymouth down to Long Lear, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My lord and lady Carteret are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my lord Weymouth; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress: his lady Dr. Delany can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from Long Lear last Saturday, and am now at Gloucester with my mother and sister. My lord Bathurst was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him: I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at Oakly Wood, which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey

through

through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a sorceress; I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to England, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The syren * has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly; she is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr. Donnellan pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My lord Lansdown is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, sparkling as your wit. Lord and lady Carteret, and my lady Worsley, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs. Granville's, Gloucester.

* Supposed to be Miss Kelly. See p. 6. N.

TO THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER *.

MY LORD, JULY 1733.

I HAVE been often told, by some of our common acquaintance, that you have sometimes expressed your wonder, "that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disobliged me." As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: you were afterward chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was chosen dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. Synge chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without: but you thought fit, by concert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party con-

* Dr. John Sterne. N.

cerned

cerned and injured; although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent, to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion; because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely: because, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, "That I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you." But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house; and since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality, rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This is the history of my conduct with regard to your lordship: and it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner; for, otherwise, when those two abominable bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy (which took their birth from Hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horrour,

and

and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station: for, I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe, that every bishop, who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating farther promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition, and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals, until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion (an argument not to be conquered) or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same snare, which word I use in partiality to your lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops; and it is my constant rule, never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terrour that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account: That you have the great tithes of two livings in your diocese, which were

let to some fanatick knight, whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tithes to the two incumbents (the fanatick's lease being near out) either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was, that your tenants among them should raise the rents one hundred and fifty pounds, which was what the fanatick paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed, that sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatick for three hundred pounds fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: the first is, that you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, that you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

TO MRS. CÆSAR *.

MADAM,

AMONG a few little vexations, such as beggary, slavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppression, and some other trifles of the like nature, that we philosophers ought to despise; two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great distance, are still so kind as to remember me; and I was always proud, and pleased to a great degree, that you happened to be one, since constancy is, I think, at least as seldom found in friendship as in love. Mrs. Barber, when I see her, is always telling me wonders of the continual favours you have conferred on her, and that, without your interposition, the success of her errand would have hardly been worth the journey; and I must bear the load of this obligation, without the least possibility of ever returning it, otherwise than my best wishes for the prosperity and health of you and your family:

* Miss Long, a lady of very great fortune, was married in October 1729, to Charles Cæsar, esq. descended from the Adémars, a very antient and honourable family, allied to Charlemagne, and member of parliament for the borough of Hertford, who was committed to the Tower of London, Dec. 19, 1705, for some reflections in the House of Commons, on the earl of Godolphin, then lord high treasurer of England; and in 1711 was appointed treasurer of the navy. This lady was remarkable for her good sense, friendship, and politeness, and much esteemed by the nobility and gentry, and all people of taste, genius, and learning. She was mother of Julius Cæsar, a brave soldier, and in 1762 a general in the service of his present Majesty. N.

studies again. Mr. Pope can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had, have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation, and my way of living. Mr. Pope, who had often promised to pass a summer season with me here, if he outlived his mother, soon after death waved the fairest opportunity of performing his promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of dean Cotterel * and his sister; he said, we should kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the deanery house: he would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. Barber will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable persons, and of both sexes, with whom to converse; I chid him soundly in my last letter, for his want of friendship or resolution. You see, madam, I am full of talk; but you are to blame, for I imagine myself in your company, which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon second thoughts, it is not true, for I should be much better pleased to be your hearer. However, I should certainly ask you a thousand questions, concerning yourself, and Mr. Cæsar, and your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many civilities from you both, that I shall ever own my obligations; which are much increased by Mrs. Barber's feeding my vanity, with telling me that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me; yet, I confess, her expres-

* Dr. William Cotterel was advanced to the bishoprick of Leighlin and Ferns, March 24, 1742; and died in 1752. N.

sions

sions were in somewhat stronger terms. Pray God bless you and your family. I desire you will present my most humble service to Mr. Cæsar.

I am, with the greatest respect, madam,
Your most obedient, and
most obliged humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BARBER, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON*.

MY LORD, JULY, 1733.

ALTHOUGH I never read news, I often hear of your lordship's actions and speeches, particularly your and the city address to the House of Commons, for throwing out that execrable bill of excise, and your defence of the city, in the answer you gave to the recorder on the subject of riots. I hope you will always remember that you learnt these honest principles under an honest ministry, and in what has been since called the worst of times, which I pray God we might live to see again. Our friend Mrs. Barber is recovering of her gout, and intends in a few weeks to return to London. My lord Orrery, although almost a stranger to her, and very much embroiled in his affairs by a most villanous agent, has been extremely generous to her, in easing her of one part of her load: and I hope, by the success of her poems she will be made to-

* See a letter dated July 23, 1732. N.

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lerably easy and independent, as she well deserves for her virtue and good sense. My lord Orrery is the delight of us all. But we wish him hanged for coming among us, since he cannot stay with us. Your chaplain writes to me very seldom, and I never can get him to answer me how he lives: I gave him credit upon a friend in London for any small sums of money, which I find he has received most of; so that I am afraid his salary, perquisites, or fees, or whatever else he is to live by, is not to come in till the end of his office. I hope he continues to behave himself well; and indeed I think him a very valuable young man. As to myself, my private affairs are in so ill a posture, and my head so disordered by returns of my old giddiness, that I cannot yet venture to take those journies that I used to make nothing of, and God knows whether I shall be able to dine with your lordship in your mayoralty. Doctor Delany lives very happily and hospitably, entertains his old friends, and has nothing to fight with but envy, which he despises, and does not, in the least, deserve, but by those from whom it is a blessing. I think I have named all your acquaintance here; and I presume you will hardly trouble yourself to acquire more.

Your lordship hath now got over more than half your difficulties. I doubt not but you will finish the rest with equal reputation, so that the year of your mayoralty will be long remembered with honour.

I must desire leave to tell your lordship, that I have not known a more bashful, modest person than Mrs. Barber, nor one who is less likely to

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ply her friends, patrons, or protectors, for any favour; or is more thankful for the smallest. Therefore I hope you will continue to do her any good office that lies in your way, without trouble to yourself. And, among other things, I desire you will advise her to be more thrifty; for she carries her liberality as much too high, as our friend sir Gilbert did his avarice. I thought I did a fine thing to subscribe for ten copies of her poems; and she contrived to send me presents that, in my conscience, are worth more than the money I subscribed.

Having not heard lately of your being ill, I hope you have recovered your health entirely; and I pray God preserve it.

I am, with true respect, my lord,
Your lordship's most obedient
humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

SIR, GOLDSMITHS HALL, AUG. 6, 1733.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country; and it is my greatest glory, that

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in the late affair of the Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

My lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us; and when he comes over, "your loss will be our gain," as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr. Pilkington's affairs or expenses; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have presented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty; which sum has but one precedent: generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. Barber, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year fortune has been my foe, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fiddler excepted) yet, nor have made 500*l.* in all. But my friends say, it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the

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Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many more laudable things in the lord mayor's house; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I do not despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Do not start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelsea, Gower, and Mr. Pulteney; and among other things your name was mentioned, and lord Carteret instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I showed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I shall offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, "that they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age." The conversation turning on another subject, lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a ———

I dined yesterday with lord Bolingbroke only: he complains you do not write to him: he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of Dublin to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well *, I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.

* This was alderman French, an ironmonger. Dr. Swift has expressed much regard for this worthy magistrate in a letter to Mr.

What you tell Mr. Pilkington of my speaking disrespectfully of the Irish, is false and scandalous: I never used such an expression in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Irish.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

FROM MISS KELLY.

LONDON, AUG. 12, 1733.

I AM truly sorry, my dear sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with Barber's account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that would not do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person:

Mr. Faulkner, dated Jan. 6, 1737-8; and still more in an elegant imitation of Horace, printed in the Seventeenh volume of this edition, p. 180. N.

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and I earnestly entreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. KELLY.

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, AUG. 20, 1733.

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators: and she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she has already received, and which she has been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your lordship's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word, that I could be of no service to her upon this article: yet I confess my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she has of herself. Although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore,

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your lordship's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her: and God forbid, that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men: and in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topicks she intends to insist on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this: the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings: perhaps she may be so weak as to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm christian according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These, and other topicks, I imagine Mrs. Barber designs to insist on, in the dedication of her poems to your lordship; but I think she will better show her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion, that she deserves your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems; and

and believe your lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topicks, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seems to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she has acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business*. Poetry has only been her favourite amusement; for which she has one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean, that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have, at her entreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it publick: for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon: but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my lord, with the truest esteem and respect,

Your lordship's most obedient servant,

JON. SWIFT.

* Her husband was a woollen-draper. N.

TO MRS. DINGLEY *.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1733.

IF you are disposed to be easy and cheerful, I will send something for dinner to your lodgings, and eat it with you and Mrs. Ridgeway †; with a bottle

* The Dean used constantly to visit Mrs. Dingley; but in such a manner, as to prevent her being at any expense in providing entertainments. F.

† Mrs. Dingley's lodgings were in Grafton-street, Dublin, at the house of a daughter of his old housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, wife to an idle spendthrift, one Ridgeway, a cabinet-maker; for the relief of whose necessities she was once about selling an annuity of 20*l.* a year, that had been bequeathed to her for life by her late mistress lady Newtown. The Dean, upon hearing of such a design, commiserated her case, and paid down the sum agreed for as the purchase, retaining it in his power; then paid the annuity to her every year, as if it had been received from lady Newtown's executors; and afterwards bequeathed it to her, which she enjoyed till her death, which happened Oct. 16, 1774. For her better encouragement to take more than ordinary care of him in that illness which he always dreaded and foresaw as plainly as he would a coming shower, he left her 100*l.* more. But, to bind her more strongly to her duty still, after he had settled all his affairs by a last will, he signed a bond and warrant for a farther sum of 300*l.*; observing, at the same time, "It may be, the jade will hereafter demand interest upon this bond, though only intended as an additional legacy." Upon which she declared, she never would do so, and wondered that the Dean could suspect her of it.—However, his conjecture proved true in the end: for she afterward intermarried with an avaricious man, one Henry Land (whom the Dean had formerly appointed sexton of his cathedral, in which office he had acquired some wealth), who persuaded her in 1748 to join him in demanding 144*l.* for eight years interest due on the said bond, which was paid along with the principal by the executors: but she generously remitted a small part, by way of benefaction to the Dean's Hospital. N.

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of wine and bread. Speak freely, and send me word. But Mrs. Ridgeway shall take all the care upon her. If you do not like this proposal, send word, I would dine a little after two.

FROM MR. POPE.

SEPT. 1, 1733.

I HAVE every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet I think I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the publick, that all private enjoyments are lost, or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea sickness, (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to

be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets, and your rhyming peers digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so overpraised and overfed. Drown Ireland? for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her for knowing your value, and esteeming you: you are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character and printed it here was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them: and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness: nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: it is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free: but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I *: as little for any nation in contradistinction to others, as I; and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like

* "The rest of his life," says Johnson, "was spent in Ireland, in a country to which not even *power* almost *despotic*, nor flattery almost *idolatrous*, could reconcile him." BOWLES.

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the primitive christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when every mortal that I esteem is of the same sentiment in politicks and in religion *.

Adieu. All you love, are yours, but all are busy, except (dear sir) your sincere friend.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 22, 1733.

KNOWING your great esteem and tenderness for miss Kelly, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I cannot forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me among her female acquaintance, and to show more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as she has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to London: she has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach †, and added to all these,

* This is a remarkable paragraph. At this time, therefore, 1733, he and Bolingbroke were of the *same sentiment* in religion as well as politicks. Dr. WARTON.

† Miss Kelly died the last week in October 1733. N.

a very great dejection of spirit; which last, I cannot but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the assistance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young person shows any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love: I really think that is not miss Kelly's case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I cannot find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being supported by her father in the way she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and cannot bear to be obliged to her friends, and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her servants, and horses; and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the same time she has reason to fear, from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it: she has not heard from him these two months; and the letters she had from him at Bristol, were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to publick places, and above all to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, sir, is to endeavour

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to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and if there be any that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If at the same time, sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with less uneasiness, the ills of this life, or, if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour is much changed; her spirits are low; and upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high: you know, sir, how best to apply to these. She is at Hampstead quite alone; and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it; she desires to be alone; even Mrs. Rooke and I, whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you please for me, under cover, To Mrs. Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr. Jourdain's, in Conduit-street. I should beg pardon, sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendship to miss Kelly will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject, and which I am sure must give you uneasiness; but, pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, sir, your very great admirer, and most obedient humble servant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, GLOUCESTER, OCT. 24, 1733.

I CANNOT imagine how my lord Orrery came by my last letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more consequence to you: if it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I must deal plainly with you, sir, and tell you (now do not be angry) that the fear of tiring you stopped my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is, not to be too troublesome.

Now I cannot guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself: your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I do not know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. Delany's set: the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much

much pleasure, as what I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself; and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my lord and lady Bathurst at Cirencester. Oakly Wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long; the whole contains five thousand acres. We staid there a day and a half: the wood is extremely improved since you saw it; and when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in England. My lord Bathurst talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and showed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My lord Bathurst has greatly improved the wood house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an Irish cabin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of king Arthur's, "with thicket overgrown grotesque and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it out for you; but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My lord Bathurst was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget

get to talk of Naboth's vineyard * and Delville †. I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the beau monde flock to London to see her royal highness ‡ disposed of; while I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the court. Is this virtue, or stupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after Christmas. I shall spend one month in my way to London at Long Leat §: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable of me to begin a fourth page; but it is a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, AMESBURY, NOV. 3, 1733.

I WAS mightily pleased to receive a letter from you last post; yet I am so ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deserve. The cruellest revenge that one can possibly inflict (without hurting one's self), is, that of being

* Naboth's vineyard belonged to Dr. Swift. D. S.

† Dr. Delany's beautiful villa, about a mile from Dublin. D. S.

‡ The late princess of Orange. D. S.

§ The country seat of lord Weymouth. N.

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doubly diligent to those who neglect one, in order to shock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myself, and that strong appearances are against me, I must defend myself, and then you will own I do not quite deserve chastisement.

The post before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I designed to have answered before I left London and England; but was hindered from both, for some time, by an express, which hurried us down to Winchester school, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time, till I came to Spa, we were never at home; and as soon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been still upon the ramble. After all, these are not very substantial good reasons; but, upon my word, I did design it; in order to which, two days ago I washed the mould out of my inkhorn, put fresh ink into it, and promised myself to write to you this very post: pleasing myself with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you still in great regard, before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not fail to gain credit, if you could conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversable. I do not only pity, but grieve at, those complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am really sorry, that you could not go with us to the Spa. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describ

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the vast differeuce I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected; though not quite free of the complaints in my head, they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater assurance desire you to believe, that I am, with constancy, regard, and respect,

Yours, &c.

FROM MR. FORD.

LONDON, NOV. 6, 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in Derbyshire, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians every where; and they are merciless dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpose, when they do not know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with Pope, &c.

&c. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the Examiners, and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. Corbet that paper to correct his Gulliver by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errours, which should be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backward and forward, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterward, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to Ireland. All books are printed here now by subscription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. Crosthwaite * will pay for me.

The dissenters were certainly promised, that the test act should be repealed this session in Ireland; I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been, or is to be made toward it; and how it is like to succeed.

We have lost miss Kelly, who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an Irish physician,

* Mr. Ford's steward. H.

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one Gorman. Doctor Beaufort was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.

Our late lord mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shown himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's sake try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I have met, and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. Worrall, at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: any thing to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than cheerfulness to your recovery; which that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by,

Your ever obliged, &c.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, AMESBURY, NOV. 10, 1733.

I HAVE only staid to give time for my letter's getting to you. There is some satisfaction in sitting down to write, now that I am something less in your debt; I mean by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love contradiction more than ever

ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears (as the saying is): for I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or wear one of their trolloping sacks; and by so not doing, I did give some offence.

We have seen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleasant countries. I like Flanders in particular, because it is the likest to England. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served; so that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare: they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a genius to be civil when they had a mind to be so. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip-top well-bred phrases in use. The French people we met are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an Irish witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at Spa, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and you are a base man to say, that any such impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to though I should not much want

it.

it, and I am not averse: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At Calais we were windbound four or five days, and I was very well contented: when the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at Breda, where the innkeeper let drop, "if you mean to go," an hour and half after we had told him fifty times, that we positively would go on. The other, at Amsterdam; where we met with a very incurious gentleman, who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing; though, beside the town, which far surpassed my imagination; there happened to be a most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of Dryden's Cymon are strictly applicable to me;

"Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country fair."

I shall forget to name my Irish friend: it is Mr. Coote *. He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetick, good-natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is

* Charles Coote, esq., high sheriff of the county of Cavan in 1719, father of sir Charles Coote, K. B., who, in 1764, succeeded to the earldom of Bellamont. N.

common,

common, and not to want for sense, or good humour. I tell you, that I do not use exercise; designedly, never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach than of my mind; at some times proof against any thing, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. Barber, as soon as we come to London, where we staid but three days. We are now at Amesbury; but pray direct for me at London. I doubt we can do her but little good; for, as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe every thing you say of her, though I have hitherto ever had a natural aversion to a poetess.

I am come almost to the end of my paper before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. Gay and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear sir, health and happiness attend you ever.

I fear I have written so very ill, that I am quite unintelligible. His grace is very much yours.

FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, LONDON, NOV. 10, 1733.

NOT many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. Barber, whose turn seems to confirm the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming among us? Is not Mr. Pope a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the publick, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure, which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like Pitt's diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprize me greatly in telling me that my

my lord Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been some time in Dublin, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why do not you send to my lord Dunkerin, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you? You see I want none to embrace the opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant,

H. PRATT.

DISCARDED

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

LONDON, NOV. 17, 1733.

AS I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur*, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, sir, which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from Goldsmith's-hall † to Queen-square is hardly credible; for in one view to imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr. Pilkington, who has received more than I

* This was written in the short period (of six weeks) in which the alderman retained the title of "late lord mayor." N.

† Where Mr. Barber had kept his mayoralty. N.

mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, *viz.*

Of the city.	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
Salary - - - - - - - -	20	0	0			
Gratuity - - - - - - -	25	0	0			
Gratuity extraordinary - -	21	0	0			
				66	0	0
From my lord mayor - - - - - - -				50	0	0
Five sermons preached before the mayor				10	0	0
For a copy of one sermon printed - -				4	0	0
				130	0	0

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the summer for two months, when the mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I cannot tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man (for I had more for show than business) nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr. Edward

ward Walpole *, from whom he has great dependencies.

I recommended him to Mr. Alderman Champion, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of Colerain's being vacant; if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction: for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you do not write to him. Poor Mrs. Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next summer. We rejoice much at my brother French's success. I know you do not deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

P.S. Why Mr. Pilkington should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his counsel.

* Second son of sir Robert Walpole. This gentleman, being in bad health, went to the mountains of Moran in Ireland, to drink goats whey, which effectually recovered him. F.

FROM THE COUNTESS GRANVILLE*.

DEAR SIR, HAWNES, NOV. 27, 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I do not know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into England, and make Hawnes† your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you will believe I am the charming Dean's

Most obedient humble servant,

GRANVILLE.

* Grace, widow and relict of George lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville, earl of Bath. She was created viscountess Carteret, and countess Granville, 1st Jan. 1714-15, with limitation of those honours to her son John, the late earl. B.

† A seat of lord Carteret, afterward earl Granville, in Bedfordshire. B.

FROM MRS. CONDUITT *.

SIR, GEORGE-STREET, NOV. 29, 1733.

MRS. Barber did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. Conduitt has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terrour, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore when you return to England, I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Harvey has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. Sherwin for publishing (as it is said) his

* Thus endorsed by the doctor: "My old friend Mrs. Barber, now Mrs. Conduitt." D. S.

lordship's

lordship's epistle; which must have set your brother Pope's spirits all a working.

Thomson is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing liberty from the patriarchs to the present times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnassus, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. Barber, whom I had sent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

FROM MR. COOTE.

SIR, LONDON, DEC. 13, 1733.

BEING indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the duke and duchess of Queensberry, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at Spa this summer, where they

they were. I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in England, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking stick, the manufacture of Spa, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers, when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at St. James's coffee-house. I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN *.

DEAR SIR, DEC. 20, 1733.

YOURS I received, and if it *was* not that I have *a good deal of company* to *sup* at my house upon *beef griskins,* I would go and play a game of back-

* Endorsed, "Dr. Sheridan's insolence, in presuming to answer my eloquent Hybernicisms." D. S.

gammon

gammon *with* Mr. *Worrall's* tables, and be *after winning* some of Mrs. *Worrall's coin*; I would not *fear* to win *a crown piece* of her money by playing *sixpence halfpenny a time.* She is a very *good body*, and one that I have *a great value for*: I wish my *spouse* were but half as good, but of *this* I shall say nothing more till *meeting.* I hope my gossip *Delany's* spouse is upon the *mending hand*, for they tell me she has been lately much *out of order.* She is as good a woman as ever *breathed*, and it is a *thousand pities* that any thing should *ail her.* God Almighty *wish her well*; for I am sure if she *went off*, the doctor would not meet with *her fellow.* I hope nothing *ails her* but a *brush.*

To morrow I *eat a bit* with Mr. and Mrs. *M'Gwire*; if you will *make one*, you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their *own father*: for nobody *speaks better of you* than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself, is the request of yours to command,

THADY O SULIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in *Francis street.*

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, 1733.

YOU must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret, and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be

be very safe from any lectures of mine: I should rather choose to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband * of what has past, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

JAN. 6, 1733-4.

I NEVER think of you and can never write to you now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked: the reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away in a manner the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works? whether those printed here are, or are not genuine? but one I am sure is yours; and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You will have immediately by seve-

* This letter was occasioned by some accounts from London, relative to Mr. Pilkington, which Mrs. Pilkington has given us at large, in her Memoirs, vol. I. p. 105. N.

ral

many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your grace's presence.

On Monday last week, toward evening, there came to the deanery one Mr. Bettesworth; who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the street parlour. I left my company in the back room, and went to him. He began with asking me, "Whether I were the author of certain verses, wherein he was reflected on*." The singularity of the man in his countenance, manner, action, style, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. Ludlow's country house. But I could not recollect his name; and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who and what he was? said, "I heard of some such verses, but knew no more." He then signified to me, "That he was a serjeant at law, and a member of parliament." After which, he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said, "I was mistaken in one thing; for he assured me he was no booby; but owned himself to be a coxcomb." However, that being a point of controversy, wherein I had no concern, I let it drop.

* These verses are printed in the seventeenth volume of this collection. They occasioned a very good poem, called "Bettesworth's Exultations," in Dunkin's Poems, vol. II. p. 266. N.

As

As to the verses, he insisted, "That by his taste, and skill in poetry, he was as sure I writ them as if he had seen them fall from my pen." But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, "That, since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and show the world what a man I was." When he began to grow overwarm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the house, from the room adjoining; and the serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he has since reported: and likewise, that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterward told me. He has since related, to five hundred persons of all ranks, above five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own sake, that he proceeded no farther; for, the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours,

bours *, first to my assistance, and next, to the manifest danger of his life: and I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since, he has amused himself with declaring, in all companies, especially before bishops, and lords, and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance, and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter: for, though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety, are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character: for, his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things, except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmless; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt but, if he will be so good to continue stedfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

* Dr. Swift was then at the Rev. Mr. Worrall's house, which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr. Bettesworth's. N.

What

What I have said to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour.

I am, with the highest respect, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MARCH 2, 1733-4.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do assure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got off your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor lady Suffolk will never have; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger: and sure then it is hard if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from Ireland, Bettesworth, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle*; but this good you had

* About this time an attempt was made to repeal the Test Act in Ireland; and the Dissenters, on this occasion, affected to call themselves "Brother Protestants, and Fellow Christians," with the members of the Established Church. This the Dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, that so provoked one Bettesworth, a lawyer, and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming or murdering the author; and for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the Dean wherever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of Bettesworth were known, thirty of the nobility

from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours show they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. Floyd has passed this winter rather better than the last; but cold weather is a great enemy of hers; and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the "composition *" will always hold, yet so many writers have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my duke and duchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but, I fear you will not. However, God bless you; and adieu.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, MARCH 4, 1733-4.

IF ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present; for no truth can furnish me with sufficient excuse for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts; but upon more

nobility and gentry of St. Patrick's waited upon the Dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names, in which they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country. H.

* "And call'd the happy composition Flóyd."

See (in vol. XVI. p. 64) Swift's "Receipt to form a Beauty." N.

mature

mature deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my fault, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish every body was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, *viz.* a journey to Scotland, where we have been going every week, and every day since Christmas; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next July) to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine

that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr. Locke, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. Gay's *; we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on Thursday for Edinburgh, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. Mrs. Barber has met with a good deal of trouble; I have not seen her, I fancy, for that reason; but we shall leave our guineas for her with Mr. Pope, or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, dear sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am

Your most faithful friend, &c.

* "The Distrest Wife;" which was acted at the theatre royal in Covent Garden, with indifferent success. Several years after, it was published by Mr. Jacob Astley the bookseller; but no notice was taken in the title of its having ever been acted. "Achilles," an opera, by the same author, had been performed the winter before, with some applause. N.

FROM MR. GRANT *.

LONDON,

VERY REVEREND SIR, MARCH 14, 1733-4.

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your publick spirit, and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character, persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the publick good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of Ireland, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle, that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white herring and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your

* Francis Grant, a merchant in London. N.

poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the enclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniences, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the publick. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I shall reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce in Britain, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me

to

to say what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the publick, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both Britain and Ireland than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both: to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, merchant, in London.

TO MR. GRANT.

SIR, DUBLIN, MARCH 23, 1733-4.

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your letter, and discourse upon the fishery: you discover, in both, a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wishes to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: for corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses.

The last lord Wemys told me, he was governor of a castle in Scotland near which the Dutch used to fish: he sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were in reach of the shot;) and, immediately, they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the queen's time, I did often press the lord treasurer Oxford, and others of the ministry,

try, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "We must not offend the Dutch;" who, at that very time, were opposing us in all our steps toward a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, (I think) while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England: and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me of 300*l.* which my old friend my lord Carteret was forced to consent to, the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an ironmonger, to coin 100,000*l.* in halfpence, not worth a sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it: and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at court, where I was well received, during two summers, six and seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For as corrupt as England is, it is a habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are sl—s, and kn—s, and fools; and all, but bishops and people

ple in employments, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000*l.*: the few honest men among us are deadhearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this House of Commons, now sitting here: and, mentioning your scheme, showed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression, supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should pass into an act, it will become a job; your sanguine temper will cool: r——s will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies in times of peace; projects of excise, and bribing at elections, are all you are like to be employed in: not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old whig principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern parts: they advanced 200*l.* by way of trial: they got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account: nor would any body join with them: and so the matter fell, and they lost two thirds of

their

their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and; I believe, there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost 30,000*l.* a year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland: but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, sir, with true esteem for your good intentions,

Your most obedient servant.

P. S. I would subscribe my name, if I had not a very bad one; so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, APRIL 12, 1734.

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. Faulkner any

any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shaken, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain: but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea;* and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethick epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysicks, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be

a little

a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no English word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you, than I do.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, JERMYN-STREET, APRIL 13, 1734.

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say, that these alliances * are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step toward being happy. As

* His lordship's third daughter, Georgina-Carolina, was married, Feb. 14, 1733-4, to the honourable John Spencer. B.

to

to other things, I go on as well as I can: and now and then observe, that I have more friends now, than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion: however, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. Barber, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary: but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. Delany is, as he always used to be, cheerful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady Worsley, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shown your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

TO MISS HOADLY.

MADAM, JUNE 4, 1734.

WHEN I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only, the harvest here being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and therefore, you have been so politick as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides I apprehend, that if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: first, I will let all the ladies of

of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery; which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in; and this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or working in a field at Tallagh. My other revenge shall be this; when my lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I said it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will show the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town, that your writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose, by this time, you are willing to submit: and therefore, I desire you may stint me to two china bowls of butter a week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, rice gruel; and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my lord archbishop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little English country management: and I lay it upon you, madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may

may no longer pride themselves on their natural, or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most, &c. to his grace and the ladies.

FROM THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER*.

MR. DEAN, CLOGHER, JUNE 25, 1734.

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date, and should, it may be, out of good manners have answered it long since: but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make, to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me: and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent Joe Beaumont, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occa-

* Dr. Sterne. N.

sion,

sion, and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on Joe's execution *, so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty † pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

FROM MY FARM, JUNE 27, 1734.

I THANK you, Mr. Dean; or, to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my Friend, for your letter of the 23d of May, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance; and provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any

* This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr. Beaumont, who had died several years before the date of this letter. D. S.

† *A few lines* before it is *sixty* pounds. N.

things

thing which may do us hurt, or them good; their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion, I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of Pythagoras, or in some other collection of wise apophthegms of the antients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed as the result of them. This we affirm, and in consequence this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of Siam affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the lapoins (do they not call them so?) held this maxim. Neither he or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava: their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are few moral maxims of universal truth, as there are

moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribands, &c, who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose, that some Rochefoucault or other, some anthroponomical sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble

stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business, never does it: nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the other.

Proceed we now, dear doctor, to the application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business, or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business, have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as Seneca mentions, in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vattia; "*Hic situs est Vattia.*" But, for

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all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austerely to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *stoicks* were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Portique*, that a philosopher was not to exempt himself from the duties of society, neither in the commuuity to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. Memcius and his master Confucius, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man, as an individual, as a member of a family, and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some, I believe, are philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at Cirencester; he came thither from my lord Cobham's; he came to my lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from lord Bathurst's to lord Peterborow's; after which, he returns to my farm again. The demon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c. and has chosen rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridi-

cule

cule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve his moral essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines, were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming among us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if any thing else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

DOVER STREET, AUG. 8, 1734.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

IT is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any farther to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. Pope, &c. It was an extreme great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands; I did my best, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be so good as to indulge me, and make use of your power often; I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of ——.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my family.

Indulge

Indulge therefore the fondness of a father, to detain you so long, as to give a sincere friend some account of the completing a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient toward our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to see you in England, I believe when you see the duke * you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharping, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. so on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to; such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family; and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

* William Bentinck, the second duke of Portland. D. S.

My

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

Mr. Pope has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my lord Peterborow near Southampton, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died Willis, bishop of Winchester; and is to be succeeded by Hoadly, and farther I cannot say.

Pray, has Mr. Jebb * got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. Faulkner from sending over your works †? he promised to send them over the end of last May at the farthest. I am, with true regard and esteem, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

* An English clergyman, who soon after the date of this letter got very good preferment in the church of Ireland. In the year 1768, he was prebendary of Christ-church, Dublin, and rector of St. Thomas in the East. D. S.

† These were the first four volumes in octavo, which were actually revised and corrected by Swift himself, as indeed were afterward the two subsequent volumes, printed by Faulkner in the year 1738. D. S.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

KILFANE, NEAR KILKENNY,

SIR, AUG. 15, 1734.

TO show you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can as yet give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on Monday night; and this day was the fair of Bennet's Bridge, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I do not know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing school and a spelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

LUCY HOWTH.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR DEAN, AUGUST 16, 1734.

A LITTLE before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. Hamilton has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of rabble; I live at Castle Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies: you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison: you drink benicarlo wine, I drink right French margose: you hear nothing but noise: with ravishing musick my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, et choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon goût. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I choose to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends.

I am yours to the day of judgment,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

MY LORD, AUG. 31, 1734.

ALTHOUGH I have long had the honour to
e an humble servant to your grace, yet I do not
member to have ever written you a letter, at least
nce her majesty's death. For this reason, your
ace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly
rgotten begin a commerce by making a request.
or which I can offer no other excuse, than that
equent application has been made to me, by many
arned and worthy persons of this city and king-
om; who, having heard that I was not unknown
o you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing
ie to solicit your grace, of whose generous nature
me has well informed them, to make a present
f those ancient records, in paper or parchment,
hich relate to this kingdom, that were formerly
ollected, as we have heard, by the late earl of
larendon, during his government here, and are
ow in your grace's possession. They can be of
o use in England, and the sight of them will be
f little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally
elong to this poor kingdom. I could wish they
ere of great intrinsick value, so as to be sold on
he Exchange for a thousand pounds, because you
ould then part with them at the first hint, merely
o gratify your darling passion of generosity and
unificence: and yet, since they are only valuable
n the place of their birth, like the rest of our na-
ives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with
hem, at the humble request of many very deserv-

ing

ing persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your grace will be certainly pleased with. And at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I entreat your grace's pardon for this interruption; and remain, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

LITTLE BROOK STREET,

SIR, SEPT. 9, 1734.

I FIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past, a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring: I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of inquiring after your health; your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most cer-

certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from Gloucester, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to Long Leat to my lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at sir John Stanley's at Northend, the Delville of this part of the world. I hope Naboth's vineyard flourishes: it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My lord Carteret is at Hawnes: my lady Carteret is in town, nursing my lady Dysart, who is brought to bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my lady Weymouth's being soon under the same circumstance. I have not seen my lord Bathurst since I was at his house in Gloucestershire: that is a mischief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the dean, he was glad to see me; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. Donnellan sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly: her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just, and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and detroy the inten-

tion

tion of it; which was only to assure you of my being, sir, your most faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

FROM MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

SEPT. 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship; and yet I fear (from what lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet when I have done so, you seem

seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness I do, or to abstain from some prudential reasons. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, (though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of an honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that witlings feed; and it is hard the world should judge of our housekeeping from what we fling out to the dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady; it was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose of yours, as commissioned by you, which has since appeared and been owned to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your

pardon

pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect: I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not *? and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either; but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wish it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my lord Bolingbroke is doing with metaphysicks. I hope, you will live to see †, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you (for this is not writing); if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it

* The Essay was at first attributed to Harte, &c. Bowles.

† After reading this passage, can it be believed, that Pope did not know the real principles of Bolingbroke? Dr. Warton.

be

be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly: but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray however tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me: and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

POSTSCRIPT BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

OUR friend who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till toward the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysicks *, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true I have writ six letters and a half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and a half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more publick. I

* It is sufficiently acknowledged, "that the doctrine of the Essay on Man was received from Bolingbroke. What Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles: the order, illustration, and embellishments, must be all Pope's." JOHNSON.

know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind: but I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysicks of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves while they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *vale & me ama.*

BOLINGBROKE.

PICKLE HERRING TO MR. FAULKNER*.

SIRHA†,

ARE not you the rascal, that makes so free with my family?—Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same serjeant Kite‡ was my brother, and, however marred in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself: had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths?——Mark what I am going to

* Endorsed by Dr. Swift, "An excellent droll paper." F.

† This humorous letter, although addressed to Mr. Faulkner, was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr. Swift. F.

‡ Bettesworth, serjeant at law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr. Swift in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets under the name of *serjeant Kite.* F.

day;

say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour and cutting is the sauce you are to taste after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worst of the family of the Pickles?——Recollect at last and tremble! whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful swad?——More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of the whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but alas, my brother!——But however provoked, are your scribbling spitfires never to be satisfied? one should think, that by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparalleled graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable truth, justice and sincerity, exemplary religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general past finding out? I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this now shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court sharper, and (what's worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit cornish? is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got thrust into his ——, and which

has left him a running sore to his dying day? Is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt flinger?——O you swarms of green counsels and attorneys, I wonder not to see you posted about Idler's Corner *, looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, should this ever be the case of my hapless brother? O fortune, fortune, cruel are thy sports!——Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him? in which state his whole comfort is, that for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him: O the comfort of an easy conscience! ——Is it not sufficient to see him at Ballyspellin, and every where he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient, that after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to show his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications he is to meet with this winter? Is it not sufficient, that as his case stands, it is the serjeant against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustic and corrosives must be applied, and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenitives, until

* Idler's Corner is a bookseller's shop, the corner of High-street and Christ Church-lane, Dublin, near the four courts.

some at least of the corrupt and fetid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on, ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worst, I will make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom they so long beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in suspense, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression, or action (which now are subject of satire) that shall not soon become matter of high panegyrick. O ye dogs you, I will set him over all your heads! I will advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill bred to: and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage.

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper Faulkner, is it base fear, or is it unsufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee out right? No, but sirha, if our brother doctor Anthony

Anthony * were alive,——rot you, in spite of your rascally Keven bail, and your scribbling janissaries, he should set up his wheel just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipestoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE HERRING.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

HAMPSTEAD, OCT. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one de la Mar. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world; and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

* A whimsical kind of man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the schoolboys and populace with his harangues and pleasantry, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter. F.

The

The young man whom you recommended, came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborn for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, farther than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befal my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frighted from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion,

opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world.* I shall, to the last moment*, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM SIR WILLIAM FOWNES†.

FROM MY OBSERVATORY IN THE
SIR, PARLIAMENT HOUSE, OCT. 18, 1734.

THERE are a sort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

* Dr. Arbuthnot died in March 1734-5. H.

† Endorsed, "A humourous project." D. S.

I have

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles, may have the like proportion of good effect: as for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expence in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade: to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part (instead of enhancing them, as has been done in some late years unreasonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That generally the left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed Thomas Turner the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat, and the joints will best answer this frugal scheme, as likewise in clothing, and other parts of good economy; and they shall be communicated to you by, sir, your most humble servant,

PHILO MÆ.

TO MR. POPE.

NOV. 1, 1734.

I HAVE yours with my lord Bolingbroke's Postscript of September 15; it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness *. The latter is pretty well off, but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehend your want of health; and it has been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My lord Bolingbroke says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will for our own interest leave you to your own speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind, that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough

* I know not whether it has been observed, but the real cause of Swift's giddiness and deafness appears, from every symptom, to have been what is called Hydrocephalus. BOWLES.

to

to take up forty years of the most vigourous healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My lord B. said in his postscript that you would go to Bath in three days: we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man: and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the duke of Dorset said to me on that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: on the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: on the third, he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reduc-

ing

ing metaphysicks to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management*, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live: it saves your money, and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my lord Bolingbroke to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysicks. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the doctor † of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can, I am ever entirely yours. JON. SWIFT.

FROM THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

MARSTON IN SOMERSETSHIRE,

SIR, NOV. 2, 1734.

YOU may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of

* His Lordship's "sole management" probably alludes to the circumstance when he was at variance with lord Oxford. His Lordship's success in metaphysicks was nearly on a par with his success in politicks. BOWLES.

† Arbuthnot. See p. 118. N.

corre—

corresponding with you while I staid in England, but that I waited to give you some account of the success of your kind and friendly negotiation for me in the letter you were so good to give me to lord Orrery, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befal me, so I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. Taylor's giving my mother and me so much money for our good will in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him to say; which surely was as much as any conscionable and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect: in short, his kind reception of me at Marston, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself toward me in every particular since I came to him, has been like lord Orrery himself: and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct

of

of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy dean of St. Patrick's, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less? *Agnosco fontem*; for without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about: for which I shall say no more (being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit alta mente repostum.* His lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from Ireland of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it off; if it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of Gulliver's Struldbrugs, immortal; but alas! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other

other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial.

"What's past we know, and what's to come must be,
Or good or bad, is much the same to me;
Since death must end my joy or misery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality."

But hold! I believe I begin to preach; and it is well if you do not think by this time that I imagine myself in Rathenny * pulpit instead of writing a letter to the Dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to lord Orrery, at Marston, near Froome in Somersetshire. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours lady Acheson and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. Helsham and his lady, and with my very affectionate love and service to all my Sunday companions at the deanery †.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life; but when I get to London (which I believe will not be till after Christmas, because as I am

* Mr. Philips's benefice, about three miles from Dublin. D. S.

† It was customary for the Doctor's friends and acquaintance to visit him on Sunday afternoons, and spend the evening with him; so that every one who was at leisure to go there, was sure of meeting variety of good company. D. S.

within

within ten or a dozen miles of Bath, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me) you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of showing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, sir, your most obedient and much obliged humble servant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have seen your friend Mrs. Cope at Bath, and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

LONDON, NOV. 7, 1734.

DO not accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about two months ago, at my own house, and had my duke and duchess with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president * and Knowle. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

* Spencer, earl of Wilmington. H.

I am

I am always more frighted when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physick nor physician that is good for any thing. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of Chandos, nor I believe has the duke of Dorset much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records * again, because, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not, just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the duke of Dorset, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, I hear is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to England, which would be a great pleasure to

Your most sincere old friend,
and humble servant,

E. G.

* These records were manuscripts relating to the history of Ireland, which had been collected by sir James Ware (who was recorder of Dublin) before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When lord Clarendon was lord lieutenant, 1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of sir James, and brought them into England. After lord Clarendon's death, they were sold to the hon. Mr. Brydges, afterward duke of Chandos. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in England and Ireland, and the Dean having read that account of them, was very desirous to procure them for publick use. See a letter written by the Dean

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

ST. MARY'S SQUARE,
SIR, GLOUCESTER, NOV. 20, 1734.

I AM truly concerned at your having been so much out of order: I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that is of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by showing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleasure; were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the dean of St. Patrick's? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and farthermore I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a *boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting days you talk of*, they are, I

to the Duke of Chandos, dated Aug. 31, 1734, soliciting his grace to present them to the public library at Dublin, p. 107. N.

* That is, dining upon two or three dishes at the Deanery; which, in comparison of magnificent tables, the Doctor used to call fasting. D. S.

confess,

confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three packets according to your commands, could I either fly or swim: but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and cannot move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother Lansdown, and spoke to him about the duke of Chandos. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the duke these fifteen years. I have put it however into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble servant, Mrs. Donnellan, behind me in London, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thursday Society, than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you (since I cannot have her) because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

FROM MR. JARVIS *.

DEAR MR. DEAN, HAMPTON, NOV. 24, 1734.

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at finding my old friend the bishop of Worcester † so hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see Dublin again, and your Teague escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him up for non-admittance when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. Conolly's ‡ picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, *a son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcass so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon inquiry, I learn, that exercise is the best medicine for your giddiness. Penny made Mrs. Pendarves happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear Dean,

Yours most affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

I held out bravely the three weeks fogs, &c. and am very well.

* A celebrated painter, contemporary with sir Godfrey Kneller. H.

† Dr. John Hough, bishop of Worcester. H.

‡ Speaker of the House of Commons, one of the lords justices, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland. N.

FROM * * * * * *.

SIR, MONTROSE, DEC. 17, 1734.

SOME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumstances a little favouring it, I have resolved to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on some little amusements, and have had the pleasure in secret to see them pretty well received; but few here being much conversant in that study, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of those who have succeeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleased to furnish me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as soon as it is finished, you may expect a copy of the performance from, sir,

Your most humble servant,

* * * * * *†.

† As this letter seems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we choose to suppress the name; especially as we cannot tell what answer he received from Dr. Swift, or whether afterward he applied with success to Apollo and the Muses. D. S.

FROM MR. POPE.

TWITENHAM, DEC. 19, 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You will think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals: and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers * we passed together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life, and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to lord Bathurst, and lord Peterborow, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not studious, nor idle: rather polishing old works, than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that has been abandoned several years; and of this

* 1726 and 1727, when the Dean was at Twickenham. BOWLES.

sort

sort you will see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter *. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet I would be glad to believe shall re-unite us: but he who made us, not for ours but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you: you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am

* In proportion as we become displeased with the world, we are the more attached to *particular friends*. Swift's life exemplifies this. BOWLES.

almost

almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago, of my wit; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to truth (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth) we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us; but this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord Bolingbroke is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed; he is so taken up still, (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my Essay *) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe: this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a divine if you like it, or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

* Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

His lordship was, however, so much taken up with the *lower* and *more paltry* concerns of *politicks*, that he would at any period of life have relinquished all his sublime philosophy, all his hermit ideas of retirement, to have gained what was the constant object of his ambition, the direction of the affairs of Government. Bowles.

What

What I write will show you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, DEC. 25, 1734.

MR. R. HAMILTON is glad the venison got safe to you; it was carried by a county Cavan man in the 75th year of his age, who went off on Wednesday morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all 104 miles. He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition——There's a county Cavan man for you.

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method, than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this Elysium of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as you yourself can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our Elysium, I mean to Castle Hamilton, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and

and all the delights this world can give——But you must take me along with you.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the Kevin Bayl* escaped the gallows, in spite of Bettisworth† and all his add hay rents——If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

Sunday we had a very hard frost—Yesterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—Now fair again, but lowering.

We are just now going to dinner at captain Perrott's, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier—I forgot to tell you that there is a drapier's club fixed in Cavan of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of Ireland, Vid. Grierson's new map.—There is another Cavan Bayl for you,

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong box with Jane‡, that I may put my money among yours.

* Dr. Swift used to call the people who lived in the liberty of St. Patrick's his subjects: and without dispute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him. D. S.

† The right spelling of this name is Bettesworth, constantly pronounced as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Mr. Bettesworth affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by Dr. Sheridan alludes. D. S.

‡ Dr. Swift's cookmaid. D. S.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

DECEMBER 28, 1734.

PRAY God bless you, and restore your health, and give you many happy new years. I send you your usual Christmas-box. I will see you as soon as I can. I am tolerably well, but have no security to continue so. We must all submit, both by piety and necessity. I am ever entirely yours. I send you two bottles of wine *.

JON. SWIFT.

* It was known by an accident, after Dr. Swift's memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty-two pounds to Mrs. Dingley; but, instead of doing this with the pride of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride by making her feel her dependance, he always pretended that he acted as her agent, and that the money he paid her, was the produce of a certain sum which she had in the funds; and, the better to save appearances, he always took her receipt, and sometimes would pretend, with great seeming vexation, that she drew upon him before he had received her money from London. However he was punctual in paying it quarterly. He used to write the receipt himself in the following form every quarter-day, and sent it to be signed by the messenger who carried the money:

"July 25th, 1737.

"Then received from Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, the sum of thirteen pounds sterling, in full for one quarter's rent of payments out of funds in England, by advance of what will be due to me at Michaelmas next, in this year 1737; the said Dean always paying me one quarter by advance. I say received by me,

"RE. DINGLEY."

Mrs. Dingley died, before her benefactor, in July 1743. N.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, JAN. 14, 1734-5.

I AM assured, that your grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here, from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society, who was commissioned by some principal members of the body to desire my good offices to your grace; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful apprehension they lie under of Dr. Whetcombe's endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church-preferment bestowed on him by your grace *. The person sent to me on this message gave me a written paper, containing the reasons why they hope your grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your grace, that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr. Whetcombe.

* Dr. John Whetcombe had a higher preferment Dec. 23 following, being raised to the united sees of Clonfert and Kilmarduagh. He was translated to the archbishoprick of Cashell, Aug. 25, 1752; and died in 1754. N.

It

It is alledged, "That this preferment given to the doctor consists of a very large parish, worth near six hundred pounds a year, in a very fine country, thirty miles from Dublin; that it abounds very much with papists, and consequently a most important cure, requiring the rector's residence, beside some other assistant; which, being so rich, it might well afford.

"That, as to such dispensations, they find in their college-books but three or four instances since the revolution, and these in cases very different from the present: for those few livings which had dispensations to be held with a fellowship were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and, in the body of those dispensations is inserted a reason for granting them. That they were such livings as could be no hindrance in the discharge of a fellow's duty.

"That dispensations are very hurtful to their society; because they put a stop to the succession of fellowships, and thereby give a check to that emulation, industry, and improvement in learning, which the hopes of gaining a fellowship will best incite young students with.

"That, if this dispensation should take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future times; which will be very injurious to the society, by encouraging fellows to apply for dispensations, when they have interest enough to get preferments, by which the senior fellows will be settled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a succession any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent students will be wholly lost.

"That

"That a junior fellowship is of very small value, and to arrive at it requires good sense, as well as long and close study; to which young students are only encouraged by hopes of succeeding, in a reasonable time, to be one of the seven seniors; which hopes will be quite cut off, when those seniors are perpetuated by dispensations.

"That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowships, take a solemn oath, never to accept of any church preferment above a certain value, and distance from Dublin, as long as they continue fellows: to which oath the accepting of a dispensation by Dr. Whetcombe is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and distance.

"That, at this time there is a set of very hopeful young men, in long and close study, to stand for the first vacant fellowship, who will be altogether discouraged, and drop their endeavours in the pursuit of learning, by being disappointed in their hopes of Dr. Whetcombe's leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to succeed in a fellowship."

These, my lord, are the sum of the reasons brought me by a very worthy person, a fellow of that college, and recommended by some of the most deserving in that body; and I have shortened them as much as I could.

I shall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this subject.

The university, and in some sense the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your grace has done them, in trusting the care of one of your sons * to be educated in the college of

* *Lord George*, his grace's third son. His lordship was under the

Dublin, which hopes to be always in your grace's favour: and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.

Your grace will please to know, that a fellowship in this university differs much, in some very important circumstances, from most of those in either of the universities in England.

My lord George will tell your grace, that a fellowship is here obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the strict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is also disposed of with much solemnity: the examiners take an oath at the altar, to give their vote according to their consciences.

The university is patron of some church preferments, which are offered to the several fellows downward to the lowest in holy orders.

I beg your grace to consider, that there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their sons to merchandise: that not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the share of persons born here: that the last resource of younger sons is to the church; where, if well befriended, they may chance to rise to some reasonable spiritual maintenance: although we do not want instances of some clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been and still are curates, for thirty years; which has been a great discouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

the tuition of Dr. Whetcombe and Mr. Molley, the one a senior, the other a junior, fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. H.

Your

Your grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your most deserved favour with his majesty, to make Dr. Whetcombe easier in his preferment, by some addition that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Dr. Whetcombe content himself for a while with that rich preferment (one of the best in the kingdom) until it shall lie in your way farther to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowship, he took an oath never to accept a church living thus circumstantiated, and hold it with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to conscience, to receive a dispensation.

I humbly intreat your grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you; wherein I have no sort of interest, except that which proceeds from an earnest desire that your grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world, or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, LONDON, JAN. 19, 1734-5.

MY brother tells me you are so good to inquire after me, and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable; I dare believe people sincere when they profess themselves my friends; I consider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon, and those are so much out of fashion, that I make no parade of them: I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it; and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next summer to be in Ireland, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun, with its usual blessings, shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health, that all those who have the happiness of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my saying I hope to see Ireland this year; in-

deed the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver, or their breaking tenants, put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in Dublin, to all the diversions of London, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupet at St. James's. What has kept me seven years in London, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command. I suppose, sir, you know that Mrs. Pendarves has been for some time at Gloucester: she has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother, in a dull country town, to London in its gayest dress; she tells me she designs next month to return to us; the only uneasiness I shall have in leaving London is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in Ireland she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country I must leave her. But while I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me: all I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, sir,

Your most obliged obedient humble servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

FROM AN UNKNOWN GENTLEMAN *.

REV. SIR, JAN. 21, 1734-5.

THIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of Parnassus. Every body knows that Lewis the Fourteenth built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalides; we in imitation have our Greenwich, Chelsea, and Killmainham; and it was but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of subsistence †. The occasion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; *viz.* whether Homer or Tacitus deserves most praise on the following account; Homer makes Helen give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in Ulysses, the hero of his second poem, he makes Antenor, the wisest of all Troy, interrupt her. The passage in Tacitus is as follows, *viz.* On this year died Junia, being the sixtieth after the Philippi battle, wife to Cassius, sister to Brutus, niece to Cato, the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c. *Sed præfulgebant Brutus*

* This letter is endorsed, "whimsical, and little in it." D. S.

† The writer seems to allude to Swift's then designed hospital for idiots and lunaticks. D. S.

& Cassius, eo ipso, quod imagines eorum non visebantur. These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory.

Your most obedient humble servant,

T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct to the reverend Mr. Birch at Roscrea.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

FEBRUARY 13, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of Dorset such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I do not know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind Montague house *. He says it is some time ago that he *commanded* me to write to you, to assure you he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so delayed writing; and though I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since, yet (at the times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say? So now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

* Now better known by the name of "The British Museum;" and behind which duels were then frequently fought. N.

The

The countess * has quitted the court, because, after a long illness at Bath, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress, but her very enemies, will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

FROM THE EARL OF STRAFFORD †.

SIR, LONDON, FEB. 18, 1734-5.

TO honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. Skerret, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the house of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in

* The countess of Suffolk. H.

† He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of Utrecht. H.

their

their answer before. I likewise got several lords to attend; but, on printing his case, our new lord chancellor * (who at present has a great sway in the house) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr. Skerret had not fully explained matters to the house; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in Ireland) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondents' answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in Ireland might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause re-heard; but in the House of Lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any person, by surprise, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause for Thursday five weeks; and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks, giving

* Talbot. H.

for

for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expence of feeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time: and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for farther chicane. As I have not seen your friend Mr. Skerret since this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but [illegible] hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you desire [illegible], your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the House of Commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

MY VERY GOOD AND OLD FRIEND,

DEANERY-HOUSE, DUBLIN, MARCH 1, 1734-5.

I RECEIVED lately a very acceptable present which you were pleased to send me, which was an engraved picture of you, very handsomely framed, with a glass over it. I take your remembrance of me very kindly, and give you my hearty thanks.

I have

I have no other way to show my gratitude at present, than by desiring another favour from you, which, however, will be less expensive. Mr. Singleton, the king's prime serjeant here, is one of the first among the worthiest persons in this kingdom; of great honour, justice, truth, good sense, good nature, and knowledge in his faculty: this gentleman, whom I have the honour to know, although his business be too great to allow me the happiness of seeing him as often as I desire, hath commanded me to recommend the bearer, Mr. Richardson, agent to the Derry society, whereof you are a member. From such a recommendation as the prime serjeant's, I will engage that Mr. Richardson is a very deserving man, and that whatever he desires of you will be perfectly just and reasonable.

And now, my good friend, give me leave to inquire after your health, which I hope is much better than mine. Are you often in your coach at Highgate and Hampstead? Do you keep cheerful company? I know you cannot drink: but I hope your stomach for eating is not declined: and how are you treated by the gout? These and many more particulars I desire to know.

The people who read news have struck me to the heart, by the account of my dear friend doctor Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no less, by a letter I received from him a month or two ago. Do you sometimes see Mr. Pope? We still correspond pretty constantly. He publishes poems oftener and better than ever, which I wonder at the more, because he complains, with too much reason, of his disorders. What a havock has

has death made among our friends since that of the queen! As to myself, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted last, and am never wholly free from giddiness and weakness, and sickness in my stomach, otherwise I should have been among you two or three years ago, but now I despair of that happiness. I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do. But my fortune is so sunk, that I cannot afford half the necessaries or conveniences that I can still make a shift to provide myself with here. My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men and an old woman in a large empty house, and dine half the week, like a king, by myself. Thus I tell you my whole economy, which I fear will tire you by reading. Pray God keep you in health and happiness; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with true esteem and friendship, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

You see by my many blottings and interlinings, what a condition my head is in.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, JERMYN STREET, MARCH 6, 1734-5.

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the justest principle, and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr. Lindsay, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for captain Rowley in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge Lindsay and I sat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty: and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like Traulus * and Pistorides †. I am impatient for four volumes, said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. Tickell last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the

* Joshua, lord Allen, a privy counsellor. H.

† Richard Tighe, esq. H.

mean

mean time they will be studied by my son and sons in law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. Delany, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

Sir, that you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my *&c. &c. &c.* all join with me in good wishes to you; and I hope you will continue to believe, that I am, with the greatest respect, sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

TO MR. PULTENEY *.

SIR, DUBLIN, MARCH 8, 1734-5.

MR. STOPFORD going to England upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence, in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum.* You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the Gothic system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such has ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty mil-

* This and the next letter were originally communicated to *the publick* by general Pulteney. N.

lions,

lions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot-wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in discovering our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral, over the burying place of old Schomberg, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent; wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who has an appeal before the House of Lords; wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who, by a miracle, was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your

next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. Stopford, has such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is, in all respects, so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him at my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are, in the modern sense, a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politicks enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate, or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one Faulkner has printed four volumes, which are called my works; he has only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that after my death, the several London booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here has prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr. Stopford the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years,

and

and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to yours. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain with the truest respect, sir,

Your most obedient
and obliged humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, MARCH 11, 1734-5.

I HAVE often desired our friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. Lorinan to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. Lorinan has all the success he could expect or wish for: his cause was a good

good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he asked me (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new bishop of Derry's rents? I told him, I would try; I did so, found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the man * from being an English bishop, and afterward allowing him to be good Christian enough for an Irish one? Sure the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of Hermon upon the hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down into Aaron's beard, to the skirts of his clothing, I cannot say; but I am sure, it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any inquiry into the scandalous method of nominating, instead of electing the sixteen Scotch peers: and

* Dr. Thomas Rundle was promoted to the rich see of Derry in Ireland, in February 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the see of Gloucester, in England, which had been intended for him in November 1734. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of Gloucester, was between the chancellor and the bishop of London: the chancellor was his friend, and the bishop his enemy. N.

these,

these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and I see, always will prevail there. Poor Arbuthnot, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly ashamed of his own countrymen *, is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company †. What I have said of the doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of visiting England this summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you: among them, there is none that does so more

* He was a native of Scotland. H.

† This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of Arbuthnot's turn; a man of humour, whose mind seemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous, even in vice itself. That to such a man, to whose fancy almost every character, and every event, furnished a comedy, death should be welcome because life was insipid, is a melancholy and striking proof, that "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful;" or, that those who are best qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themselves; that their mirth is but an effusion of hilarity that overflows their own breasts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the sad concomitant of vexation of spirit. See Dr. Arbuthnot's own account of himself, which seems not perfectly to agree with what is here said of him, in p. 119. H.

sincerely than, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

TO WILLIAM FITZHERBERT, ESQ.

SIR, MARCH 19, 1734-5.

I HAD, some days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old, but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class; by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand; where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that having first razed out the writer's name,

I have

I have shown it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he has some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr. Sheridan came to see me; I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady, who has a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. * * * * * *: she told me: "That the young man's great fault was, too much pertness and conceit of himself, which he often showed in your house, and even among company;" which, I own, is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured: yet, I think, if I had a son, who had understanding, wit, and humour, to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do toward amendment; and in the mean time, give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me, to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years; and what he alleges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physick, or divinity; although in his letter, he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send

him to the Temple; but, your mind altering, and you rather choosing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physick, and made some progress in it: but, for many months, he has heard nothing more from you; so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William street, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no farther care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: she has the character of being a very polite and accomplished person: and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, overweening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me, in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think, it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady; in which

case,

case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King; but, if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan has done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestick point, where I have no information but from one side: but I can faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady, and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent toward virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known (which were not a small number) have been brutes in their understandings, as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth, sir,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 4, 1735.

I THINK you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguished talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind inquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the court, nor am likely to have any; I have to my lord Shelburne *, whose house in London is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the duchess

* Henry Petty, earl of Shelburne, and viscount Dunkerrin; so created in 1718; he died April 17, 1751; when the title became extinct, till revived in 1753, in the person of his nephew *John*; of whom see hereafter, p. 183. N.

of

of Buckingham, whose table is my constant one, and her coach oftener mine than I ask for it; beside fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in public amusements without expense; and in summer the variety of change of air, which her station empowers her to take, and more her inclination to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy of it.

I am, sir, your sincerely obliged and affectionate humble servant,

H. PRATT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

APRIL 5, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called post-script, you employed me about Dr. Sheridan's exchange, when the letters for it must have been at Dublin long before yours came away. I was just thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy*; but to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

* An Irish expression. S.

The

The countess of Suffolk did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400*l.* a year, which the duchess of Dorset had quitted to her, there being no lady of the bedchamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bedchamber woman. As to her part about Gay, that I cleared to you long ago; for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as to the question, Whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think she was heartily sorry, to be obliged by ill usage, to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly, and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. Floyd has a cough every winter, and generally so bad, that she often frightens me for the consequences. My saucy niece * presents her service to *Parson Swift* †. The duchess of Dorset is gone to Bath with lady Lambert, for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters: but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her colick.

* Mary, eldest daughter, and one of the coheirs of Thomas Chambers, of Hanworth, in Middlesex, esq., by lady Mary Berkeley, sister to earl Berkeley and to lady Betty Germain. She married, April 1736, lord Vere Beauclerc, afterward lord Vere. B.

† See before, p. 26. N.

In

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing such a long letter; so adieu, my dear Dean.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, APRIL 5, 1735.

MRS. Perott has this instant invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at Cavan. She is a lady the best housewife in Ireland, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. Lingen * whether the duke of Dorset's letter be come in answer to the lords justices, that I may hurry to Dublin; for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle. I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The bishop of Killmore can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the lords justices in granting us patents.

* One of the secretaries to the lords justices. D. S.

I wish

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL *.

DEAR SIR, CASHELL, APRIL 7, 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr. Dunkin † was ordained here last Thursday, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which, I hope, will in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too: and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in Dublin, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton. He was rector of St. Werburgh's and chancellor of the cathedral of St. Patrick's; bishop of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722: translated to Elphin, April 16, 1724 to Cashell, Jan. 6, 1729, and died in 1744. N.

† The reverend Mr. Dunkin, author of several poetical pieces that have been well received. See vol. XVII. pp. 302, 306. N.

I once

I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer friends. When I conversed with politicians, I learned, that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires: for which reason, I would not tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at St. Patrick's, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to the church; which if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabrick, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer? I have laid aside all my country politicks, sheriffs elections, feasts, *&c.* And I fancy, it would not be disagreeable to you, to see king Cormack's chapel, his bedchamber, *&c.* all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church; and I am sure you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing of it; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to

Your most affectionate and
faithful humble servant,
THEO. CASHELL.

TO MR. THOMAS BEACH *,

Merchant in Wrexham, Denbighshire; to be left at the Customhouse Warehouse in Chester, and given to Stephen Lovel, esq., collector of the customs in Chester.

SIR, DUBLIN, APRIL 12, 1735.

AFTER the fate of all Poets, you are no favourite of Fortune; for your letter of March 31 did not come to my hands till two days after sir William Fownes's death; who, having been long afflicted with the stone and other disorders, besides great old age, died about nine days ago. If he had recovered, I should certainly have waited on him with your poem, and recommended it and the author very heartily to his favour. I have seen fewer good panegyricks than any other sort of writing, especially in verse, and therefore I much

* Mr. Thomas Beach, the person to whom this letter is addressed, was a wine merchant at Wrexham, in Denbighshire. He was a man of learning, of great humanity, of an easy fortune, and was much respected. He published, in April 1737, in 4to, "Eugenio, or a Virtuous and Happy Life," and is inscribed to Mr. Pope; the poem to which in this letter the Dean alludes. It was by no means destitute of poetical merit. He is said by some to have entertained very blameable notions in religion; but this appears rather to be a conjecture than a well-established fact. It is certain he was at times grievously afflicted with a very terrible disorder in his head, to which his friends ascribed his melancholy catastrophe. On the 17th of May, 1737, soon after the publication of his poem, he cut his throat with such shocking resolution, that it was reported his head was almost severed from his body. N.

approve

approve the method you have taken; I mean, that of describing a person who possesseth every virtue, and rather waving that sir William Fownes was in your thoughts, than that your picture was like in every part. He had indeed a very good natural understanding, nor wanted a talent for poetry; but his education denied him learning, for he knew no other language except his own; yet he was a man of taste and humour, as well as a wise and useful citizen, as appeared by some little treatise for regulating the government of this city; and I often wished his advice had been taken. I read your poem several times, and showed it to three or four judicious friends, who all approved it, but agreed with me, that it wanted some corrections *. Upon which I took a number of lines, which are in all 299, the odd number being occasioned by what they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad versifiers in Charles the Second's reign. Dryden, though my near relation †, is one I have often blamed as well as pitied.

* From a perusal of the printed poem, we find that Mr. Beach adopted every one of the Dean's hints and corrections. Even the triplet is discarded, and the poem now consists of three hundred lines. N.

† "It is not easy to ascertain the exact degree of relationship between Dryden and Swift. He is said by his kinsman, Deane Swift, and by Hawkesworth after him, to have been our author's *second* cousin, the grandson of Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Sir Erasmus Driden; but this could not be the case, for that lady was married to Sir Richard Phillips, bart. The wife, therefore, of Thomas Swift, being acknowledged to have been Elizabeth Dryden, must be sought for in some other branch of the Dryden family. From Mercurius Rusticus, p. 75, it appears, that in October, 1642, she had, beside ten children

He was poor, and in great haste to finish his plays, because by them he chiefly supported his family, and this made him so very uncorrect; he likewise brought in the Alexandrine verse at the end of his triplets. I was so angry at these corruptions, that about twenty-four years ago I banished them all by one triplet, with the Alexandrine, upon a very ridiculous subject *. I absolutely did prevail with Mr. Pope, and Gay, and Dr. Young, and one or two more, to reject them. Mr. Pope never used them till he translated Homer, which was too long a work to be so very exact in; and I think in one or two of his last poems he has, out of laziness, done the same thing, though very seldom. I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your

children who supplicated her plunderers for bread, an *infant* in the cradle, and afterward she had three more children; so that she probably was younger than any of the daughters of Sir Erasmus Driden, all of whom, I believe, were born before the year 1600. On her husband's living being sequestered, the profits of it were consigned to *Jonathan Dryden*, minister, who was probably her brother; and they were the children of a brother of Sir Erasmus Driden; he had five brothers. If I am right in this conjecture, the Dean of St. Patrick's *father* and our author were only second cousins. Swift's grandfather, Thomas, had ten sons, of which the fifth, Jonathan (the Dean's father), was probably named from Jonathan Dryden abovementioned, who was, I believe, his uncle. Another of the sons (who as well as Jonathan was an attorney) was called *Driden* Swift, in honour of his mother: a circumstance which confirms the tradition concerning the relationship between these two celebrated men. Swift, in one of his letters, calls Dryden his *near* relation; but in the last age a greater account was made of consanguinity than at present. A second or third cousin was then considered as a near relation." See Malone's Life of Dryden. N.

* See the concluding lines of the Description of a City Shower. N.

poem.

poem. Line 6, for *han't*, read *want*; I abhor those *han'ts* and *won'ts*, &c. &c. they are detestable in verse as well as prose. L. 46, for *whilst*, put *while*. L. 83, *derives*, I doubt, there is no verb deponent, but always active. L. 106, "If *Noll* usurps, or *James*;" *Noll* is too much a cant word for a grave poem; and as to *James*, he was a weak bigotted papist, desirous, like all kings, of absolute power, but not properly a tyrant. P. 109. *And midst* harsh and rough, the elision unluckily placed. L. 115, 116. I cannot suffer an ill rhyme, such as *seen* and *scene*; (I *forgot* the triplet in L. 108, which I wish were clipped of one of its three wings:) and L. 110, *to Glory*, I wish it were *in Glory*. L. 118. *Does*. This word should be avoided, as a mere expletive. L. 155. *Does*. The same fault. L. 161. *The Ingrate*. This verse is not right measure, but sounds very ill. L. 121. *Cheerful*, &c. This verse wants a verb, as *are*, or some other. 204. *Does*. L. 217, for *pervade* it should be *pervades*. L. 218, *and* grows, Quere, is not *or* more proper? L. 278, Cuzzoni *fam'd*. This is an expletive, not a proper epithet. L. 289. *That* dares. The word *that*, as it is placed, spoils the whole line, and is not proper, for the right word should be *who*. L. 294. *Reascend*. I know not the reason for this word. Why not rather *ascend*? I slipped, L. 290, *Than*, I suppose you only meant *then*. You will do right to read over your poem carefully, and observe where there be any more oversights of the same kind with those I have noted, and to be corrected; which you can do better than any other person. A friend can only see what is amiss, but the writer can mend

mend it more easily. All you desire in relation to sir William Fownes is at an end by his death; otherwise I should gladly have performed it in the best and most effectual manner I was able. As to the publishing it here, I utterly differ from you. No printer in this beggarly town, and enslaved starving kingdom, would print it without being paid his full charge of his labour, nor would be able to sell two dozen unless he could afford it for a penny. I would rather advise you to have it published in London by Motte or Lintot, or any other bookseller there who deals in poetry. It would bear a shilling price; but, as I presume you are not much known as a poet in that great city, you should get some person of consequence to recommend it.

As to what things are printed here on supposition they were mine, the thing was done directly against my inclinations, out of the disdain I had of their being published in so obscure and wretched a country. But I would have been well enough satisfied if the booksellers in London could have agreed among themselves to print them there; and I believe they now repent they did not, because every printer there hath a property in their copy; and what things are supposed to be mine belonged to several booksellers, who might have shared equally, according to what copies they held. I have been called away till evening: however, my paper could afford me but little more room if I had staid. I am, with true esteem, sir,

Your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR SIR; QUEEN-SQUARE, APRIL 22, 1735.

IT was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. Richardson, agent to the Irish society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power: when I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance, how the œconomy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner

(none at night) and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion: but I have good spirits, and am cheerful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, That if my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method produce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr. Pope, who is very well: so is the lord of Dawley *.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost since good queen Anne's time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor lady Masham among the rest. Our friend the doctor † I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Mr. Garth said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, sir, just to congratulate you on your publick spirit (and for which all mankind applaud you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your

* Bolingbroke. D. S. † Arbuthnot. D. S.

health,

health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. Delany.

FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 22, 1735.

I WROTE in such haste that I forgot to make my lady Savile's acknowledgments, which before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do among your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, seem promising.

My lord Shelburne, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniences of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come among your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, sir,

Your ever obliged and
most faithful humble servant,

H. PRATT.

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 29, 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. Stopford; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other publick business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the house; and upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out.

I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our house, "for the encouragement of learning," as the title bears: but I think, it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in England (as I hope it will next year) you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship

friendship in your letter. If my publick conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribands, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis præmia* *. Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with lord Berkeley; but, I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. Stopford to the duke of Dorset; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue lord lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives that he is to be turned out soon after his return from Ireland, possibly he may desire not to go.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, MAY 5, 1735.

I FIND your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary; which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome

* This was before he attained the title of earl of Bath. D. S.

petitioner

petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which, not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue: and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power: and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks: for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which, in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains*: and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary's employment. The countess of Kerry, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. Deering, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. John Fitzmaurice. Her eldest son, lord Fitzmaurice, has for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife†.

* This is ludicrously said, as being a common blundering expression of the Irish. S.

† When the woman who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman

The case has been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of Kerry and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who has lately married very honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but has no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor; with which, my lord and lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of Kerry's is one of the most antient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger, and only son of which he has any hopes, might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my lady Kerry, &c.

nobleman died, he married lady Gertrude Lambert, eldest daughter to Richard earl of Cavan, June 29, 1738, by whom he had the present earl of Kerry. The honourable John Fitzmaurice, here recommended to Dr. Swift for small employments, afterward succeeded his uncle, Henry, earl of Shelburne, in an immense estate, both real and personal, in England and Ireland; took the name of Petty; and was created earl of Shelburne, in Ireland, in 1753; and baron Wycombe in England, May 20, 1760. He died in May 1761. The present marquis of Lansdown is his grandson. See before, p. 166. N.

D. never

D. never writes to me. No man alive can convince Talalderahla; and when we come next, it is the same thing with Berby and Barnard. Plurality of dinners and dignities he has; and so Mandragoras confirms it to all members in an episode of sage and brandy.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, MAY 10, 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of every thing, though I am ever so ignorant of the *matter*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pendarves has, as you say, forsaken us: by my lord Lansdown's death, her brother Mr. Granville is become possessed of eight hundred pound a year, and twenty thousand pound in money; which was so settled that my lord Lansdown could not touch it. Mr. Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister miss Granville, whom Mrs. Pendarves is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for lord Lansdown's death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in Ireland; and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do), or why should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving London this month. Poor Mrs. Barber has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe criticks (who think that judgment is only shown in finding faults) that say they are not poetick; and a few fine ladies, who

are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr. Delany has given up his house in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at Delville. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one: he will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, sir, with the highest gratitude,

Your most obliged, obedient servant,
H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

TO MR. POPE.

MAY 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford *, who landed the same day, but I have not seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestick affairs are in great confusion by the villany of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money

* Afterwards bishop of Clogne. N.

to be had: nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power, in both nations * (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both publick, and personal to myself, has given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor †, have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my lord Bolingbroke. To show in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder, for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy. The old duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

* The Dean was frequently troubled, as he tells us, with a *giddiness* in his head. WARBURTON.—But all who held this language were not *giddy*. The Editor might have read the Preface to Hammond's Elegies, written by his patron Lord Chesterfield. Dr. WARTON.

† Arbuthnot. BOWLES.

I have

I have lately read a book imputed to lord Bolingbroke, called "A Dissertation upon Parties *." I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the bishop of Marseilles †. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours,

JON. SWIFT.

* The best, perhaps, of all Bolingbroke's works; written with great force of reasoning, and in a style equally spirited and elegant. One of the severest attacks ever made on Sir Robert Walpole, was the dedication prefixed to this Dissertation, when the papers that had been first separately printed in the Craftsman were collected into one volume, octavo. After the many things that have been said for and against his long ministry, his want of skill and knowledge in conducting foreign affairs was most frequently repeated. In a letter written in 1776, the King of Prussia affirms expressly, that Walpole used to say, "I leave Europe to my brother, and reserve only England to myself."

Dr. WARTON.

† Pope has worthily commemorated this truly apostolic prelate:

"Marsailles' good bishop drew not purer breath."

BOWLES.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, DUBLIN, MAY 12, 1735.

MR. STOPFORD landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him, for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and has a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of Dorset very well, having known him from his youth, and he has treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastick, wherein my lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing, after the same manner as a monkey does a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It has continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the Goths, and is now falling

falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites, as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune, can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury has destroyed; I have nothing to object. But, let me suppose a chief minister, from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country-side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the Roman emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the Ottomans by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister I would go further, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I be-

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies. For you stand almost alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. Pope, and by a private hand. I ~~pray God protect~~ you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in England by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer * applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were

* Mr. George Faulkner. N.

readier

readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers. I am, sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. Pulteney.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, MAY 16, 1735.

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to choose out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value

value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination: it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy Hibernians that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable Thursdays, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. Delany's, are broke up: though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford-street. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not so has it been with us in London. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuosity. The newspapers I suppose have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissension. Men and women have been deeply

engaged: and no debate in the House of Commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared by all true lovers of musick, that operas will be quite overturned. I own, I think, we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your last letter: it gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. Donnellan, she will entertain you with a second edition of Fauset, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

FROM LADY BETTY BROWNLOWE.

SIR, MAY 19, 1735.

I HAVE the honour to send you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. Brownlowe. I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expense, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c. and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay of business. I should beg pardon for not having

having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of the year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amused very much to my satisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than gherkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both lady Acheson and Mrs. Acheson do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at Seaford, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to Cashel: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. Brownlowe desires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MAY 27, 1735.

IT is true enough, my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you should have had a quicker answer to your letter, but that I find Mr. Fitzmaurice has already made application by several other hands, and so have many members of parliament. The answer, given to them all, has been, that it will not yet be disposed of; and my opinion is, that probably, when lord George Sackville comes over, he will humbly desire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he may, without any political view, have the disposal of it himself, as it is his own private concern.

I did not know lady Kerry had the honour of being your mistress and favourite: however, I approve of your taste. For, many years, or rather an age ago, she and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a mighty sensible agreeable woman; so, upon that account, as well as yours, I should be very glad to be serviceable to her in any thing in my power.

Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair, which has given me some small palpitations of the heart, which is, that you should not wrap up old shoes, or neglected sermons, in my letters; but that what of them have been spared from going toward making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly

instantly to the flames*: for, you being stigmatised with the name of a wit, Mr. Curll will rake to the dunghill for your correspondence. And, as to my part, I am satisfied with having been honoured in print, by our amorous, satirical, and gallant letters†.

The summer has done your old old friend Mrs. Floyd a great deal of service. As for my saucy niece, I would advise you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another. The duchess of Dorset is still at Bath, and the waters have done her good. The duke is now confined by a fit of the gout, which, I believe, is very well for him, because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach.

Adieu, *&c.*

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

DEAR SIR, CASHELL, MAY 31, 1735.

I HAVE been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be overmatched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten. I confess, I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my

* See in p. 201 Swift's answer, dated June 8, 1735. N.

† See a letter from lady Betty Germain, dated July 12, 1736. N.

idleness,

idleness, but in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime serjeant I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year, and, if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for, to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but, I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat *thatched* cabin, a parson, who is not poor: his wife

is

is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN TOWERS,

PREBENDARY OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT POWERSCOURT, NEAR BRAY.

SIR, [ABOUT 1735.]

I CANNOT imagine what business it is that so entirely employs you. I am sure it is not to gain money, but to spend it; perhaps it is to new cast and contrive your house and gardens at 400*l.* more expense. I am sorry it should cost you two pence to have an account of my health, which is not worth a penny; yet I struggle, and ride, and walk, and am temperate, and drink wine on purpose to delay, or make abortive, those schemes proposed for a successor; and if I were well, I would counterfeit myself sick, as Toby Matthews, archbishop of York, used to do when all the bishops were gaping to succeed him. It is one good sign that giddiness is peculiar to youth, and I find I grow giddier as I grow older, and, therefore, consequently I grow younger. If you will remove six miles nearer, I shall be content to come and spunge upon you as poor as you are, for I cannot venture to be half a day's journey from Dublin, because there is no sufficient medium of flesh between my skin and my bones, particularly in the parts that lie upon the saddle. Therefore, be pleased to send me three dozen ounces of flesh before I attempt such an adventure, or get me a six mile inn between this town and your house. The cathedral organ and backside are painting and mending, by which I have saved a sermon; and, as the rogues of workmen go on, I may save another.

How,

How, a wonder, came young Acheson to be among you? I believe neither his father nor mother know any thing of him; his mother is at Grange with Mrs. Acheson, her mother, and, I hear, is very ill of her asthma and other disorders, got by cards, and laziness, and keeping ill hours. Ten thousand sackfuls of such knights and such sons are, in my mind, neither worth rearing nor preserving. I count upon it that the boy is good for nothing. I am, sir, with great truth, your obedient, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, JUNE 8, 1735.

I TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head: and if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last your ladyship's. I gave my lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the house of lords, for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as Curll; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope; although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have picked up some that went from him. Those letters have not yet been sent hither; therefore

therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England upon the queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please: for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead: for I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice; for I burnt all my lord * * * * 's letters, upon receiving one where he had used these words to me, "All I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity:" which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted. Of those from my lord Halifax, I burnt all but one; which I keep as a most admirable original of court promises and professions. I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only "that the writer was a lady," which had such marks of good sense that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which however I do not in the least understand; where you say, You "have been honoured in print by amorous, satirical, and gallant letters," where there was no word but your bare name mentioned. I can assure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard

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the least syllable of; and wish you would explain it. No, madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands; which if she will not comply with, I shall draw up letters between us, and send them to Curll.

I will tell your ladyship a cause I have of complaint against the duke of Dorset. I have written to him about four times since he was lieutenant: and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself; but he was never pleased to return me an answer: which omission (for I disdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by some of the following reasons. He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance; or he is a duke with a garter; or he is a lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very ancient noble extraction; or so obscure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or, like the duke of Chandos, he is an utter stranger to me: and it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious conse-

quence,

quence, not only to the university, but the kingdom: and for that reason, it is thought, his grace has chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine. I do assure you, madam, that I have not been troublesome to my lord duke in any particular: since he has been governor, my letters have been at most but once a year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair: although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his grace. My paper is so full, that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain

Your ladyship's, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LORD OXFORD.

DOVER STREET, JUNE 19, 1735.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

I COULD not suffer Mr. Jebb to pass into Ireland without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble servant, to inquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. Pope. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the state of your own health. I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you, at least to entertain and amuse you: as for any other agreeable view I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but as I know you to be a truly good natured man, I hope you will come over; for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter: it has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to have given you an account that my daughter was safely brought to bed: we expect it every day. My wife is pretty

pretty well; desires your acceptance of her humble service: she, among others, would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill state of health: I am afraid he cannot last very long: his son has, this spring, put to Westminster school two sons; he has three more and a daughter. Mr. Thomas Harley has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his seat in Herefordshire. The duke of Leeds is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has passed through. My nephew Robert Hay travelled with the duke, and is come home untainted, but much improved: he is returned to Oxford to follow his studies: he designs for holy orders. My two youngest nephews are still at Westminster school. Lord Dupplin has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promises. My sister lives in Yorkshire with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, &c. &c. Now I ask your pardon, dear sir, for saying so much of family affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Master Pope is pretty well: he is under persecution from Curll, who has by some means, (wicked ones most certainly) got hold of some of Pope's private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free a state, that there is no remedy against these evils.

It is now time to release you from this dull paper: but I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am, with true respect and esteem,

esteem, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

Please to be so good as to make my compliments to lord Orrery.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR, JUNE 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream, or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling your stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbour Price; not always toy ling in your school. This dries ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a dump ling, and bab ling is our dare ling. Pray do not look as cow ling at me when I come, but, get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a fowl ling for fill ling my belly. I hope none of your townsfolks are bub ling you: Have you a bow ling green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old ay ling, and yet you see I am now as crib ling. Can you buy me an am ling nag? I am bat ling for health, and just craw ling out. My breakfast is cut ling sand sugar to cure the curd ling of my blood. My new summer coat is cock ling already, and I am call ing for my old one. I am

cob

cob ling my riding shoes * and cur ling my riding periwig. My maids hens keep such a cack ling, and chuck ling, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe ling, for which my groom is grum ling and grow ling, while the other servants are gob ling and gut ling, and the maids gig ling, and the dogs how ling. My bung ling taylor was tip ling from morning to night. Do you know drive ling Doll with her drab ling tail, and drag ling petticoat, and gog ling eyes; always gag ling like a goose, and hob ling to the ale house, hand ling a mug and quarry ling and squab ling with porters, or row ling in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle ling pinner. Mr. Wall walks the streets with his strip ling boy, in his sham ling gait as cuff ling for the wall, and just ling all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop ling gown, pill ling oranges, and pick ling cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark ling, you may find her twat ling with the neighbours, her nose trick ling, and spaw ling the floor, and then smug ling her husband.

A lady whose understanding was sing ling me out as a wit ling or rather a suck ling, as if she were tick ling my fancy, tang ling me with questions, tell ling me many stories, her tongue toe ling like a clapper; says she, an old man's dar ling is better than a young man's war ling. I liked her dad ling and plain deal ling: she was as wise as a goes ling

* As Dr. Swift was, on all occasions, fond of walking, when he rode he wore strong jack spatterdashes, which he could slip off as soon as he alighted from his horse; and, to match these spatterdashes, he had shoes strong in proportion to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots. D. S.

or

or a duck ling, yet she counted upon gull ling and grave ling me. Her maid was hack ling flax and hum ling her mistress, and how ling in the Irish manner: I was fool ling and fiddle ling and fade ling an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss ling the curates, or mud ling in an alehouse, or muff ling his chops, or rump ling his band, or mum ling songs, though he be but a mid ling versifyer at best, while his wife in her mac ling lace is mull ling claret, to make her husband maud ling, or mill ling chocolate for her breakfast, or rust ling in her silks, or net ling her spouse, or nurse ling and swill ling her grandchildren and a year ling calf, or oil ling her pimple ling face, or set ling her head dress, or stif ling a f— to a fizz ling, or boy ling sowins for supper, or pew ling for the death of her kit ling, or over rue ling the poor doctor. As to madam votre femme, I find she has been coup ling her daughters; I wish she were to live upon a cod ling or a chit or ling. She has as mile ling countenance, which is yet better than as well ling belly: I wish she were to go a bull ling and begin with a bill ling, and then go to hick ling. She hath been long as cram ling for power, and would fain be a fond ling and delights in a fop ling, when she should be fur ling her sails, and fill ling her belly, or game ling about Cavan, or gall ling her company. Why do not you set her a truck ling with a vengeance, and use her like an under ling, and stop her ray ling, rat ling rang ling behaviour? I would cure her ram ling and rum ling; but, you are spy ling all, by rig ling into her favour, and are afraid of ruff ling her. I hear you are fell ling your timber at Quilca: you love to have a fee ling of money, which is a grove

ling temper in you, and you are for shove ling it up like a lord ling, or rather like a star ling. I suppose now you are vail ling your bonnet to every squire. I wish you would grow a world ling, and not be strow ling abroad, nor always shake ling yourself at home? Can I have stable ling with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table ling for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz ling cloth and reel ling yarn, and unravel ling thread without stay ling it. Set the boys a race ling for diversion; set the scullion a rid ling the cinders without rife ling them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell ling, and the cowboy to draw small beer without spill ling or pall ling it: have no more piss to ling lads: Employ yourself in nay ling your broken stools. Whip all the libel ling rogues who are loll ling out their tongues, and kind ling quarrels, and rave eye ling their schoolfellows, and stick ling with their seniors, and snuff ling in a jeer, and scraw ling on the school walls, and scut ling to the piehouse, and yawl ling and yell ling to frighten little children, and fowl ling the house for mischief sake, and grape ling with the girls. Pray take care of spy ling your younger daughters, or sty ling them pets *.

JON. SWIFT.

* The term *pet*, which is a contraction of the French *petite*, signifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation. H.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, CAVAN, JUNE 23, 1735.

I DO not yet hear of master Lucas from Castle Shane, for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you see Dr. Coghill, perhaps he may resolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuse another in his place. I wish with all my soul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper season; as for the geese, they have ceased to be green, and are now old enough to see the world, which they do as far as our river will let them sail commodiously.

Our mutton is the best I ever tasted, so is our beef, our trouts, our pheasants, particularly the eels. Dear sir, I am almost persuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your disorder, but the good air will also get you a stomach, and of consequence new flesh, and good health. Your little starts to the country from Dublin, only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city poison; whereas being here with me in the midst of Arabia Felix, you draw in nothing but balsamic aromatic air, the meanest odour of which is that of our bean blossom and lily of the valley. Every one swears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger, and this I am almost persuaded to believe, because I labour more than ever, drink less, see fewer company, and have abundantly more spirits.

I have almost finished a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarse gravel;

for I cannot afford a rollingstone; so that my garden walks will require a strong pair of German shoes. To my great grief I hear that my lord Orrery is landed, and I fear will not be in Dublin at my August vacation. You are too happy while he is in Dublin for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our Elysium. What would I give that some necromancer would set you both down at Cavan upon an easy cloud, while my good wine lasts? If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my Mullan's wine come down for yourself, I do not think it would be amiss: for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beseech you to let me know the day you intend to set out, that I may meet you at Virginia; and be pleased to be there on a Saturday.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wish with all my soul I could take it as easily as you give it; but alas, I must say as Tasso did in a letter to his friend Antonio Constantini, *Il consiglio di V. S. e ottimo; ma io conosco grandissima difficolta nell' eseguire lo.*

It is the fashion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the drapier's health. The reason I give you this caw shun is, that you may not ralph use it, when you come among us.

Ibis see itch yew tom eak my come plea meant to Mrs. Whiteway, and tell her no one in Ireland shall be more welcome to my house; do not fail to hawl her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's house; and she can live and joke with us the best of the day. Pray let me know her resolution, that I may settle my mind accordingly.

My

My next to you shall be in verse, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, because I declare solemnly, I am an utter stranger to what I intend, either as to measure, rhyme, diction, or thought. May all happiness attend you. I am, dear sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and
very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JULY 5, 1735.

I RECEIVED your two receipts, *i. e.* race eats, or ray seats, and as soon as I can hear of Higinbothom, he shall get you the money. The bishop of Killmore has ordered him to get up all he can for him in the first place; for you must know that the bishop has my bond for the rent due to him, together with the fine, when I renewed with him the last February. This made me two hundred and eighty pounds in his debt.—The moment I can raise the Devil among the tenants, I will secure your poor money. At present I have not a souse but a guinea and a half, till some bird of passage brings me some. You must know that I have lately been be-Sheridan'd. A damnable rogue, one William Sheridan, cousin to counsellor Sheridan, has run away threescore and six pounds in my debt. He was tenant to Drumcor and Blenycup,

cup, part of the lands which I sold you. I writ to counsellor Callaghan about him, and he tells me that I must eject him legally before I can set to another, although I have no distress on the land, but two acres of growing wheat. The villain keeps within six miles of this place, and will not give up his articles. One Smyth, a rich grasier, would pay most of his arrear to get into the lands now. I sent to Mr. Hale for an ejectment and a writ, but hear nothing of it. I beseech you to let him have Sheridan's article and Carter's bond, which you have among the papers I gave you, that he may shew them to counsellor Robert Callaghan; for it was to him I writ. Be pleased to send me a letter of attorney to receive your rents of Marahills, Drumcor, and Bleny-cup; and to set the two latter at forty-two pounds a year, which was the rent payable by that run-away villain. You cannot lose, but I must be content to lose forty-six pounds. Now a pox of all losses.——To business more material.

Eye rage hoise X C Dingley tuff Hind mile Order or Eyes top Ass awe interr inn Dubb Line ann damn well play said two fine dimn inn ass teat off Mare he meant: All ass Ice he knot ass mile inn knack-wart her These Quires he rare sow stow eye call. Ann they par Suns sow dam nab lye inn sup portable Eye cann knot bay rum. O'er ay Rum (Sea-dye two wan) ay rue awe vye car, O raw pray bend Harry, O rack Yew rat. Know sea see, butt adge-use't is sack woe rum. Ho! Rum! Hah! Rum! Ho! Rum! say dye.

I have no news from our parts, but that my man Pat (upon desiring him to silence our dog) said, By my soul, sir, he would bark if his head were cut off.

H.

He presents his humble service to your Jo. For God's sake come as soon as you can possibly, while our weather and every thing is good. I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN *, IN SPAIN.

HONOURED SIR, 1735.

I THINK you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude; becouse, although I was utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself: I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and English, but your poetical history in prose of your own life and actions, inscribed to me: which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power.

I have been often told, that you have a brother, and some near relations in this country; and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when

* See a former letter, to sir Charles Wogan, in the year 1732, vol. XII. N.

any

any of them came to this town. But, I suppose, on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy: although the court has thought it better in point of politicks (and, to keep the good will of cardinal Fleury, has thought it proper) to make the catholicks here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you, that those wretches here, who call themselves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church, more than those of yours, and have made a universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have farther thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice, that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left. I did very often ask some merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain; but could not get any satisfaction. The price, I am sure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire: to which you answered in a disinterested manner, "That you only desired my works." It is true indeed that a printer here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends; and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, "That printers here had no property in their copies: that mine would fall into worse hands: that he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit." On the whole, I would not concern myself; and so they have appeared abroad, as you will

see

see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in France. Upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the present weather is not likely to mend it. Upon this, I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy; that when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and those of the South of Italy, will be at least as ripe as those of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates: because I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spanish grape may fail, for want of its usual share of sun. In this point, I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will direct Mr. Hall, an honest catholick merchant here, who deals in Spanish wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get; for my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And if you were not a person of too considerable a rank (and now become half a Spaniard) I would try to make you descend so low as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret drinkers here will be content with: for, when I give them a pale wine (called by Mr. Hall cassalia) they say, it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for honest claret.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LORD HOWTH.

KILLFANE, JULY 6, 1735.

I AM very much obliged to my good Dean of St. Patrick's for the honour he did me in sitting for his picture; and have wrote to Dr. Grattan to give Mr. Bindon strict charge in the finishing of it: and when that is done to bring it to his house, for fear I should get a copy instead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you give me of your health, but do not in the least doubt but the change of air would be of service to you, and a most hearty welcome you may be sure of. The archbishop of Cashell told me he would wait on you the day after he went to Dublin; and does mightily admire he has not seen you oftener. I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours since I came last here. Every second day I am out six or seven hours an otter hunting. As to reading and working, my wife observes your directions: and could wish she would do the same as to exercise. She desires me to tell you that the liking she has to the baboon * is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest favourites. Your giant † will use her endeavours to make lord Bacon a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her

* The bishop of Ossory so called.

Could you see his grin, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Killkenny.
See Swift's Poem on the Bishops. H.

† Miss Rice, an exceeding tall young lady, and niece to my *lord Howth*. D. S.

height,

height, would be very well satisfied to part with four. I am very sorry Mrs. Acheson is so much out of order; she is one I have a great regard for; and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's service and mine to her, and lady Acheson, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Sometime this summer I design drinking Ballispellin waters for a month. As for news we have no such thing here: only the baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then asks the tumbler Sikes how long they have been coming? So long, says Sykes. Ay, replies the baboon, and we shall be as long going back: so mounts his horse and away. Who durst say the church is in danger when we have so good bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the drapier. I am, good Mr. Dean, your most assured and affectionate humble servant,

HOWTH.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DUBLIN,
JULY 12, 1735.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,

I WRITE to you at the command of a gentleman, for whom I have a perfect friendship and esteem, and the request he desires me to make, appears to me altogether reasonable. The gentleman I mean is doctor Helsham, the most eminent physician of this city and kingdom. There is a person of qua-

lity,

lity, an intimate friend of the doctor's, my lord Tyrone, formerly sir Tristram Beresford, who is a tenant to the Londonderry society. His lordship is going to build two houses upon their estate; and, to assist him in so good work, I desire that when the particulars of the request shall be laid before the society, you, who are the governor, will please, if you find them just and reasonable, to forward them as far as lies in your power; by which you will much oblige me, and several worthy persons, particularly my friend doctor Helsham.

Do you sometimes honour poor Mrs. Barber with a visit? We are afraid here, that the gout has got too strong a possession of her, and pray let me have some account of your own health: I wish we three valetudinarians were together, we should make excellent company; but I can drink my pint of wine twice a day, which I doubt both of you could not do in a week. I long excessively to be in England, but am afraid of being surprised by my old disorder in my head, far from help, or at least from conveniency; and I dare not so much as travel here without being near enough to come back in the evening to lie in my own bed. These are the effects of living too long: and the publick miseries of this kingdom add to my disease. I am,

Dear sir,

with true esteem and friendship,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

LONDON, JULY 12, 1735.

I HAVE not answered yours of the 15th of June so soon as I should; but the duke of Dorset had answered all yours ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has showed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if heralds do not lie, or his grannams did not play false; and while he is lord lieutenant, (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare say will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far I will answer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The countess of Suffolk (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley * for better, for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good natured man. The town is surprised; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he has appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since

* Fourth and youngest son of Charles earl of Berkeley. He was many years representative for Dover, and master of the hospital of St. Catharine's near the Tower. N.

she

she has been a widow, so pray do not mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy: and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And sir Robert *, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish—but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forgot to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. Curll set forth "Letters amorous, satirical, and gallant, between Dr. Swift, lady Mary Chambre, lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long, and several other persons." I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above-ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

* Walpole, afterward earl of Orford. H.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JULY 16, 1735.

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from lord Lanesborough's agent yesterday, and it travels to you from this on Saturday next, by one John Donaldson, one of our nobility. You will get it, I believe, on Monday. I have nothing to say to the 280*l.* you mention. That is, as I told you, the fine and rent of Drumlane, which I owe the bishop, and which will be paid him August 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchase, the other day, or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy? But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen and a school too? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I must employ somebody else. There is a long walk begun: stones a drawing home for an addition to my house: the schoolhouse repaired at the charge of the county: a gravel walk from the market-cross to my house, at the town's expence; item, a gravel walk by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overseer of my improvements at Quilca, I am willing to employ you rather than another: therefore I expect your answer immediately, for the summer is flying off apace. My lord Orrery writ to me, that he would come from Munster to see me soon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending

mending yourself to him: and I shall, perhaps, give you the character of a vigilant overseer, if I find you be not altered since you were last in my service.

Now to be serious. I shall send you some venison soon. You shall know next Monday when it sets out; and you are to dispose of it thus:

To Dr. Helsham, four cuts.
Dr. Delany, four.
Mrs. Helsham, one and a half.
Mrs. Whiteway, ditto.
Lady Acheson, because of her good stomach, three scruples.
Mr. Worrall, a pound and a quarter.

Pray let them be all wrapped up in clean paper, and sent to the several above-mentioned persons. Dine upon the rest with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very easy trotter: she shall go up with the venison. Whether she will be shy at your city objects, I know not: here she is not in the least. Your best way will be to let your servant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, sprung of a good natured family. If you like, she costs you nothing but a low bow when you come to Cavan. I have a chaise just finished to the lining, in Dublin, made by a man so much in my debt: it will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: my scholars are to club and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones (freestone) are in my own fields, and building is dogcheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison! such mutton! such small beer! such chickens! such butter! such trouts! such pouts! such

such ducks! such beef! such fish! such eels! such turkies! such fields! such groves! such lakes! such ladies! such fruit! such potatoes! such raspberries! such bilberries! and such a boat as Mr. Hamilton's, were never yet seen in any one county yet!

God Almighty bless you, and send you safe to our Elysium. My service to Mrs. Whiteway, and to every body in Dublin, man, woman, and child. I am, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY *.

LIMERICK, JULY 18, 1735.

OFF break to forced and, interrupted! Alas! alas! Bays quoth i'faith simile good a. Paris at Victoire de Place the round driving Berlin a of noise he like, brains my round roll that head my in words of jumble of kind a have I so and: sex or person of distinction either without, about promiscuously ears his lent nineteenth the but, noisy very were which of eighteen, table at day to people nineteen were we.

Strong get cannot I when beer small with myself contenting ever, moon the with satisfied be to learn will I but: again sun the see never shall we believe I; summer than winter like more much and, indeed weather terrible is this O. Physician a other the, divine a one, doctors two the to fashion and

* This letter is to be read backward. N.

invention own my communicate will you hope and, English writing of sample new a you offer here I, Latin writing of method new a me teach to kind so been have you as but. Honour and atchievements of search in far thus come am and, Mancha la from out set am I that know you let to is this. You to inconvenient be may writing that imagine I when it curb always will I, Dean Mr. Good,

great so ever be
you from hear to desire
My Let.

FROM MR. MOTTE.

HONOURED SIR, LONDON, JULY 31, 1735.

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwise than by the post for above a twelvemonth; and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. Lancelot's business, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term. I do not doubt but you have heard before now, that Mrs. Barber was discharged at the same time.

I desired, therefore, Mrs. Hyde * to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of

* Widow to Mr. Hyde, bookseller in Dublin. F.

mouth,

mouth; in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least (if not approved) by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr. Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the Life and Character was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterward convinced by many circumstances: one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand; and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertisement and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterward with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about Norton's will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterward by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr. Gilliver about the copy of verses * for which we were all brought into trouble; and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons, it was not in the power of any one, how just and faithful soever, to answer for its being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of: and when the printer was taken up, and had named Gilliver

* See Swift's "Poem to a Lady, who desired the Author to write some verses upon her in the heroic style." Mrs. Barber was taken into custody by the king's messenger for this poem, and examined before the privy council. N.

as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against G. and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over night, and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour, whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern to consult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in Cork-street, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me that I need stay no longer, for Mr. G. was gone to Westminster, and would not come. I went to see him in the messenger's hands; but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp sluts, the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The consequence was, he was examined, and made a confession, like poor Dr. Yalden's, of all that he knew, and more too: naming Mr. Pilkington first and then myself; which last, as many people have told me, was unnecessary; only, as he before said, he was resolved, if he came into trouble, I should have a share of it, though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expences. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information; but as it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what passed three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body else.

I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs. Barber. I saw her the other day: she

was

was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired, when I wrote, that I would present her humble service to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the two notes I have under Mr. Pilkington's hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last account we settled; but whether you would please they should be destroyed or sent over to you, I am not certain. As for the state of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

Mr. Faulkner's impression of four volumes has had its run. I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice, which absolutely determined me to be passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves; in which case I humbly hope you will please to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction in chancery) to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I submit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to assure you that his proposal was, that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in England; and surely I had the same right of printing them here, as he had in Ireland, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him;

him; and I am sure, if I had complied with those terms, I should have been a laughing stock to the whole trade.

Mr. Pope has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which, I suppose, he has made you a present. I am surprised to see he owns so little in the four volumes: and speaks of these few things as inconsiderable. I am a stranger to what part of the copy money he received*: but you who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it. "I always thought the art of sinking was his, though he there disowns it†."

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr. Pope, I suppose you have seen. They were taken notice of in the House of Lords; and Curll was ruffled for them in a manner as, to a man of less impudence than his own, would have been very uneasy. It has provoked Mr. Pope to promise the world a genuine edition, with many additions. It is plain the rascal has no knowledge of those letters of yours that Ewin of Cambridge has. Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six shilling book of them.

The Persian Letters have been well received, so I chose to send them; beside that, they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr. Tooke, who desires me to present his most humble service to you, acquainted me some time ago of your intention to erect an hospital for lunaticks and idiots. I am glad to find, by the news-

* Mr. Pope sold the Miscellanies for a considerable sum; and offered part of it to Dr. Swift, which he refused. H.

† The Art of Sinking was written by Mr. Pope. H.

papers,

papers, that so noble a design proceeds; for beside the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to every body, I am persuaded there will be a particular one arise by your example; namely, that you will lay down a scheme, which will be a pattern for future founders of publick hospitals, to prevent many of the vile abuses which, in process of time, do creep into those foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the trustees. I have seen so many scandalous instances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to bestow is joined in you with a head to contrive: and therefore, without any mercenary views (at the same time not declining any instance of your favour) I would beg leave to say, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you must necessarily consider it in the light I have placed it in; so if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the publick, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferiour abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

Upon second thoughts I have enclosed Mr. Pilkington's two notes; for I do not see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, AUG. 13, 1735.

BECAUSE of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On Saturday se'n-night, the 23d, I set out for Dublin to bring you home: and so, without ifs, ands, and ors, get ready before our fields be stripped of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Belturbet fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and six men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter-walk by the river side. I have raised mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end—*Regis opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a sugar-loaf to an Egyptian pyramid. We had a county of Armagh rogue, one Mackay, hanged yesterday: Griffith the player never made so merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a christening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in a cheerful manner, Hah, my friend, am I come to you at last! Then turning to the people, Gentlemen,

men, you need not stand so thick, for the farthest shall hear me as easily as the nearest. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, Did he know any thing of a gray mare which was stolen from him? Why, what if I should, would you pay for a mass for my soul? Ay, by G—, said the fellow, will I pay for seven. Why then, said the criminal, laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours history of his villanies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor; but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office: and at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your Englishmen, if you can. I have no more news from Cavan, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the rest, if it be worth any thing. My love and service to Mrs. Whiteway, and all friends. I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient and
very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL *.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, AUG. 14, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, our famous printer, goes in an hour to see Kilkenny and Cashell, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your grace may owe him a dozen shillings, and your town coffee-house (if you have one) a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honour of being admitted to your grace by a line in my hand. I am not in fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuscripts scattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he served me; although I never let him touch or see one. He has the name of an honest man, and has good sense and behaviour. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver; and to bring me a faithful account when he returns; but chiefly about your health, and what exercise you make use of to increase or preserve it. But he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude.

I am, with the greatest respect,
My lord, your grace's
Most obedient humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton. N.

TO LORD HOWTH *.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, AUG. 14, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, came to me just an hour before he was taking a journey to Kilkenny and Cashell, and desired I would write by him to your lordship and the archbishop, only to let your lordship know, that he is an honest man, and the chief printer; and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, because I cannot help it. For, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the consent of my friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopes, as a citizen, to be admitted to your lords and ladies in the country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuscripts in his hands; otherwise, perhaps, there will be the works of the right hon. &c., and of my lady and the giant †, neatly bound next winter. My lady Acheson has not been well since she left the town; but her mother is almost perfectly cured, except the loss of her eye. I owe my lady Howth ‡ a letter, I believe. I desire my most humble service to her and the giant. I have time to say no more, but that I am,

Your lordship's most obedient servant,

JON. SWIFT.

* William St. Lawrence, baron of Howth, died April 4, 1748, aged 60. His son Thomas was created earl of Howth and viscount St. Lawrence, Aug. 15, 1767. N.

† A very tall young lady, nearly related to lord Howth. D. S.

‡ Lucy, youngest daughter of lieutenant general Richard Gorges, was married to lord Howth, Aug. 2, 1728: and after that nobleman's death became the lady of Nicholas Weldon of Gravelment, esq. D. S.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

SIR, SEPTEMBER 3, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, tells me, he has the honour to be known to you, and that I have credit enough to prevail on you to do him all the good offices that lie in your way. I presume he goes about some affairs that relate to his own calling, which would be of little value to him here, if he were not the printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one: wherein you are able to be the best adviser, provided he be not too sanguine, by representing things better than he probably may find them in this wretched, beggarly, enslaved country. To my great grief, my disorder is of such a nature, and so constantly threatening, that I dare not ride so far as to be a night from ——: and yet when the weather is fair, I seldom fail to ride ten or a dozen miles. Mr. Faulkner will be able to give you a true journal of my life; that I generally pine at home and alone, and have not two houses in this great kingdom, where I can get a bit of meat twice a year. That I very seldom go to church for fear of being seized with a fit of giddiness in the midst of the service. I hear you have likewise some ailments to struggle with, yet I am a great deal leaner than you: but I have one advantage, that wine is good for me, and I drink a bottle to my own share every day, to bring some heat into my stomach. Dear Mr. alderman, what a number of dear and great friends have we buried, or seen driven to exile since we came acquainted? I did not know,

till

till six months after, that my best friend, my lady Masham, was gone. I would be glad to know whether her son be good for any thing, because I much doubted when I saw him last. Tell me, do you make constant use of exercise? It is all I have to trust to, though not in regard to life but to health: I know nothing wherein years make so great a change as in the difference of matter in conversation and writing. My thoughts are wholly taken up in considering the best manner I ought to die, and how to dispose of my poor fortune for the best publick charity. But in conversation I trifle more and more every day, and I would not give three pence for all I read, or write, or think, in the compass of a year.

Well, God bless you, and preserve your life as long as you can reasonably desire. I take my age with less mortification, because, if I were younger, I should probably outlive the liberty of England, which, without some unexpected assistance from Heaven, many thousands now alive will see governed by an absolute monarch.

Farewell, dear sir; and believe me to be, with true esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

SEPT. 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curll. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the lords, nor commons, nor queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that has so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politicks, or satire, but mere innocent friendship; yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should die before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one epistle

inscribed

inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend; *orna me.* A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, esq., they are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me, and I think among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind—shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: but, oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

TO answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him*.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop; two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation; he will be a friend to the human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom, whom I liked so much, as Dr. Rundle †.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon: no body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

* But was the author of "The Siege of Damascus" one of the *mediocribus*? Swift and Pope seem not to recollect the value and rank of an author who could write *such* a tragedy. May I venture, on this occasion, to give a little table of the different sorts of poets, ranged in order according to their merits? Writers of occasional and *miscellaneous* family things, and *tea-table* miscellanies; writers of *Pastorals*; of *Epistles*; of *Satires*; of *Didactic* poems; of *Odes*; of *Tragedies*; of *Epic Poems*. Dr. WARTON.

† On this account he is celebrated by Pope:

——— "Rundle has a heart."

His Letters have been published by Dallaway. BOWLES.

Poor

Poor lord Peterborow *! There is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither! he ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the king of Sicily, whose arms and *insignia* are graved on the inner case; on the outer, I have put this inscription. "*Victor Amadeus, rex Siciliæ, dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit.* 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects † which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vainglorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

* See an interesting letter of Pope's to Martha Blount, relating the sufferings and heroic conduct of Lord Peterborow, in the tenth volume of Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope. N.

† Idiots. N.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

SEPT. 4, 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at Knowle with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other upon me, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing or indeed doing any thing I should: and am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to Ireland with their graces; which is also part of the road to Drayton, where I intend to stay till November, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his grace of Dorset and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; since I, that am the gobetween, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since lady Suffolk would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother George: for if I am not partial to him, which

which indeed I do not know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good one.

We are now full of expectation of his royal highness's wedding *. She has jewels bought for her, and clothes bespoke: and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and St. James's; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I do not at all know when the lady will come over.

Your friend Mrs. Floyd is grown fat and well, under the duchess of Dorset's care and direction at Knowle; and my saucy niece is gone for a few days (and I verily believe as far as she can decently help) to her father's. Our friend Curll has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. Pope's. He should have made those bitter silly verses on me to have been his too, instead of sir William Trumbull's, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so afraid of suppressing the press, that every body must suffer under that, and the lies of the newspapers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear Dean.

* Frederick, then prince of Wales. D. S.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SEPT. 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhime, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: Sunday's a pun day, Monday's a dun day, Tuesday's a news day, Wednesday's a friend's day, Thursday's a cursed day, Friday's a dry day, Saturday's the latter day. I intend something of equal use upon the months: as January, women vary. I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d---- and b----ps will thrive.

And for the next.

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
When the d---- will carry the b----ps to Styx.

Perge:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
When the Whigs are so blind they mistake Hell for Heav'n.

I will carry these predictions no farther than to year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all cat-a-strow-fee.

The last is the period, two thousand and one,
When m— and b— to Hell all are gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold in those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady, and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear is to be bishop of Cork.—Stay till I ask a servant, what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night—You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it some of our royal birthdays.—O, they tell me, it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN, CIRENCESTER, SEPT. 13, 1735.

THOUGH you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an Irish cause, I do insist that without delay you give me either by yourself or agents immediate satisfaction in these points. First, whether that article which I read in the news about one Butler a shooting parson be true or not? secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and attested upon oath that it was without design, and by accident that the gun went off? In case the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable excuse, I require of you, that you do immediately get some able painter to draw

his

his picture, and send it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which shall be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that such a worthless rascal may not go any where without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of Ireland; such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he would not venture into England when these prints of his person are sent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the first village he passes through. Perhaps he may think to skulk in Holland, the common refuge of all scoundrels; but he would soon find out, that Doctor Swuft (for so they pronounce the name) is in great esteem there, for his learning and political writings. In France he would meet with worse reception; for his wit is relished there, and many of his tracts, though spoiled by translation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themselves. Should he go into Spain, he would find that don Swifto is in the highest estimation, being thought to be lineally descended from Miguel de Cervantes, by a daughter of Quevedo's. Perhaps he may think to be safe in Poland during the time of these troubles: but I can assure him, from the mouth of a Polish lady, who was lately in London, by name madam de Montmorency (for she was married to a French gentleman of that great family) that Dr. Swift is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a Stanislaist or not, she being a zealous partizan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in Europe, and therefore slip into the East Indies

Indies in some Dutch ship, for a Dutchman may be found who would carry the Devil for a stiver or two extraordinary, he will be confoundedly surprised to find that Dr. Swift is known in China, and that next to Confucius his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several European books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the Chinese, who are a very ingenious people, reckon Sif the only author worth reading. It is well known that in Persia Kouli khan was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a Scotchman, he understood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read The Battle of the Books the night before he gave that great defeat to the Persian army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at Constantinople; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an English renegado slave translated effendi Soif for them, and told them it was writ by an Englishman, with a design to introduce the Mahometan religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the effendi, the book and the author are in the greatest esteem among them. If he goes into America, he will not be received into any English, French, or Spanish settlement; so that in all probability he would be soon scalped by the wild Indians; and in truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill nature proceed from the want of sense; therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this single action. Now I really believe no layman could have done

done such a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to most of the clergy (a few only excepted of superior understanding) certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions: possibly for the same reason that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipped through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now to avoid farther trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stripped off his back, and the boys of Dublin have drawn him through a horsepond. Send me an account of this, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, CAVAN, SEPT. 17, 1735.

Εἶ καν not butt reap rhyme and εὐ for wry tinn sow long an ape is till a bout bees knees, when Tom eye Noll edge εὖ cool das eas i lyre eye't a pun no thing. Μυςῆρ Δὴν· what ἶς ἔυρ μῆνιν τὸ πλέονος in e veri epistolas ἔυδω Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no. Cann knot yew right in nap lean met hood as I do εἶ νὼ εὖ αρ' ἅ πόνηρον all o key shuns. But cantu gay tann other subject toss at her eyes bis eyed my wife? The woman is grown good for nothing. However I would

would not have her so much abused, but when she deserves it. I no use itis e veri de of her life, but I sea it is not rue; for itis only e veri our o fit. She swears if heu come tuck have Ann, she will give you ἓ δους Inn the chops.

I beg pardon for troubling you so long with business, and therefore I will now be as merry as I can. The devil a farthing I can get among my tenants but cows, bullocks, and sheep. Will you let me know whether such coin can pass in Dublin? that I may pay you some money which I owe. My purse, God help me, is grown as slender as a famished weezle. I long much to see it have an alderman's belly; but Quando, Mr. Dean, Quando. We cannot say, that our weather is the Devil here: for it is all water. If it continues, I must have thoughts of building an ark; but I shall not, like Noah, let any unclean beast enter. Eat pone linck waiter conjux. My mutton is growing too fat, and I want you much to eat of it, while it is in its prime. I hear of no cadger going to Dublin, or I would send you a basket full of it. All I can do now is to send a fine roasted shoulder in my wishes, and pray invite Mrs. Whiteway to share of it. I wish you both a good stomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for asking you to eat, as you used to do. I assure you (if I may be allowed to judge) she presses you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendship.

I am sorry that the shortness of my last letter gave you cause to complain. This shall may cup for that deaf he she An she, for I have laid in a good stock of learning this last week; and therefore quoniam tu inter literatos primaria sedes in classe, quorundam

quorundam decanorum nomina (minime nostratium) qui scientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt tibi mittam. This part I mention in Latin, for fear the letter should fall into Dean Crosse's hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whose title-page runs thus—*Histoire generale Des pais-bas*, I met with accounts of several great men, whose names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, some beeame bishops, others cardinals: All of them on account of their great learning and merit. Lord have mercy upon us. Christ have mercy upon us. How the world is altered since! But you must know, that Charles the Great lived in that age, alias Char Lay Main. Now for the great scholars I promised. Among those, who became bishops of Antwerp, you will find Philip Nigri, Aubert Vanden Eade, Jean Ferdinand de Benghem, Pierre Joseph Franken-Sierstorff. Among those of Bois-le-Duc, Clement Crabeels, Gisbert Masins, Michel Ophove, Joseph de Bergaigne. In the same town you will find among the Vicaires Apostoliques, Henry Van Leempute, Josse Houbraecken, Martin Steyaert, Pierre Govaerts, &c. &c. &c. The next place you dine you may make a figure with these names, and silence even Robin Leslie *. But a pox upon learning, I say. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. *Idcirco libris valedico.*

I cannot, now my memory serves me, omit an account of some learned physicians, which I read

* Mr. Leslie was the most incessant talker, one of them, in the world. However, he had a great variety of learning, and talked well. D. S.

of

of in other authors, viz. Hermannus Conringius, Lucas Schrochius, Melchior Sebizius, Sebastian Schefferus, Guernerus Rolfinckius, Hoffmannus Altorfi, Seb. Jovius Lugani, Petrus Dapples, Theodore Kerchringius, Regnerus de Graef, Swammerda, Antonius Scarellius, Hieronymus Copelazzi, Jacobus Gonzato, Bernardinus Malacreda, Johannes Petrus Lotichius, Christianus Keekins, Julius Richeltus, Joan. Christoph. Vaganseilius, Jacobus Kerscherus, Antonius Magliabechius, and many others. Pray ask Grattan how many of these he has read.

You say (I thank you for that) That you know nobody. No matter for that; so much the better for me, because I know every body knows you, and therefore more likely to succeed in subscriptions for mice cool. Pray is this letter long enough? If it be not, send it back, and I will fill the other side. In the mean time I remain your most obedient and very humble serve aunt,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Mice or vice two awl my if rends.

Send me word what a clock it is, that I may set my watch by yours.

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 20, 1735.

SOON after I came into England I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into France, upon a business of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place where I have met with your letter of 21st of last month. Since

you

you are so kind as to repeat the promise you made me when I was in Ireland, I shall expect the paper with the greatest impatience. While I was reading your letter, a person called on me, who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him: but he told me, it would be sent by another hand. I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the publick, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you inquire, is a member of our hall; but I have never yet seen him. He had left Oxford about the time I came from Dublin, to spend the summer vacation in Herefordshire. My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me that he is very sober, that he studies hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the house. But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the hall: and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I do not know whether my lawsuit will force me into Ireland again the next term: as yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next spring, for Dublin is not a very good winter abode for a water drinker. However, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention *. It is now in such forwardness, that as I compute, it will be finished in six

* This alludes to The Toast, a satirical poem, to which Dr. King was instigated by some monstrous usage that he had received from his antagonists in the suit. D. S.

weeks

weeks at farthest. There are some alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest doctor * has good success in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he has no other remedy left, but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bons mots*? and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am, with great truth, sir,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
W. K.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SEPT. 30, 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going out of the last lord mayor, and to-day the coming in of the new, who is alderman Grattan. The duke † was at both dinners, but I thought it enough to go to day, and I came away before six, with very little meat or drink. The club ‡ meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind

* Sheridan. D. S.

† The duke of Dorset, lord lieutenant. H.

‡ The Irish parliament. H.

misgives

misgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me as a guest. I had your law letter. Those things require serious consideration: in order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will prepare a large fund of idioms: which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent hand, and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the most necessary as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing princes, and great ministers, distributing out praises and censures with the utmost impartiality and justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferior abilities for such a performance. I begin with "lady;" and because the judicious Mr. Locke says it is necessary to settle terms, before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be "Dorothy;" it is in the following manner: Dolis astra per, astra mel, a sus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at at lar, avi si ter, age ipsi, astro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades e ver, ast rumpet, ad en, a gam lar, agrum lar, ac ros pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, ara ver, adhuc stare, asso fis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud lar, a fis lar, a fis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, anus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata pace, a gallo per, a sive." Most learned sir, I entreat you will please to observe (since I must speak in the vulgar language) that in the above forty-three denominations for females, many of them end with the domestick deity Lar, to show that

women

women were chiefly created for family affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of geography (the Angloanglarians call it erroneously Jog Ralph I) "Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here." I have a third treatise to direct young ladies in reading. "Ama dis de Gallis a fine his tori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et er. Summ as eurus Valent in an Dorso ne isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel I, ac at, arat, amesti, fanda lædi: I mæ ad amo usto o; a lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?"

I believe some evil spirit has got possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the duke of Dorset, or with any one bishop or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the duke about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other discourse. You say one word of my mouth will do, &c. I believe the rhime of my word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one, who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire, that I would prevail on the archbishop of Dublin to give him the best prebend of St. Patrick's. Let bishop Clayton allow the resignation, since Donnellan is provided for. I mentioned to the Duke that Donnellan should be dean of Cork, on purpose to further the resignation of old Caulfield, but it would not

not do, though Caulfield seems to have some hopes, and it is bishop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, &c.

FROM MR. MOTTE.

HONOURED SIR, LONDON, OCT. 4, 1735.

MRS. Launcelot, who dined with me to-day, and desired me to present her humble service, showed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension, that Mrs. Fenton's money has not been regularly paid, because you have not heard from me for above a twelvemonth. I hope I have accounted to your satisfaction for my silence in a letter which Mrs. Hyde delivered to you since the date of yours to Mrs. Launcelot: and as to Mrs. Fenton's annuity, I have punctually paid it, and shall continue to do so until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the first of November, and unless you forbid it before that time, I shall pay it. Mr. Fenton, her son, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am persuaded will return me the money, should it be paid him from any other quarter. I am surprised to find by Mrs. Hyde that my last, which was written the latter end of July, had so slow a passage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of September.

I have

I have been so particular (I fear even to tediousness) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the sincere profession I there made, that I am, with all possible gratitude, truth, and sincerity, sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, OCT 5, 1735.

IN the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit: (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next Saturday; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on Thursday next, and then I shall go as far as Virginia to meet you. Leave Dublin on Wednesday; ride to Dunshaglan that day, 12 miles. From thence to Navan on Thursday, 11 miles. A Friday to Virginia, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the best wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, &c. A Saturday morning we set out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheesetoaster to do a mutton chop now and then; and do not forget some rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection). I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis (the next

shall be shorter) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli se. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a belli fora que en. Andi me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph, I may say without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from east to west. First with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can sir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve signes Aare I ease, Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the Scotchman) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piss is: together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, &c. &c. In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I shall only mention some of lord Peterborow's rambles. He had like to break al *Lisbon* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain: he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Constant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his name sake *Peter's burgh*, in Musk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many*: in France he declared the king of Great Britain, with its king upon the *Par is*: in a certain northern country he took a frolick to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was in *Cope in Hag in.* Pray *Dean mark* that. In Holland he met with a G—*amster*,—*Dam* you, said he in a passion, for a cheat: he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the Low Countries and no farther. Thus far you see I am in humour: although

though the Devil be in one end of my house, I defy her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, That we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The Devil take all the Des in Christendom, for a pack of saucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to spunge upon me for any thing but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grass, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on Monday, which is the next day after Sunday, the very day you will receive this, the day before Tuesday, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be a happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere wish of, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SICAN.

HONOURED SIR, PARIS, OCT. 20, 1735.

MR. Arbuthnot's absence from Paris was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days; but upon the reception of it, he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earnestly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then present; for though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at Paris, I can safely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any English gentlemen, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at Paris, or should proceed to the South of France; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty; though, upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the chevalier Ramsay, who sends you his best respects. I have employed the greatest part of this summer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city; but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, &c. as I flatter myself Mr. Arbuthnot's friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next summer. The roads are excellent, postchaises very commodi-

ous,

ous, and the beds the best in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I cannot mention a more lively instance than that you meet with wooden shoes and cottages like those in Ireland, before you lose sight of Versailles. I am persuaded, sir, you will find a particular pleasure in taking a view of the French noblemen's houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the Houhynhnms meet with here, and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that Lewis the Fourteenth has built are very magnificent; I should do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of St. James's: yet these seem but mean to any one who has seen that of the duke of Bourbon at Chantilli, which lies in a straight line, and contains stalls for near a thousand horses, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace: some hundreds of Yahoos are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of Marly, by means of which water is raised half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to Versailles, to supply the water works. Lewis might have saved this vast expense, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading Boileau's account of the *Petit Maison*, or Bedlam of Paris, I was tempted to go see it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space

than

than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another vastly more capacious, and consisting of several stories, called the *Hopital de Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of France, since they have been so excellently painted by Julius Cæsar, near two thousand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the tailors and perukemakers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, sir, that Mr. Arbuthnot inquired very kindly after Mr. Leslie; but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

J. SICAN.

TO MR. POPE.

OCT. 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curll *, &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I write nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure

* Curll had just published Pope's Letters. BOWLES.

in

in writing. I have observed that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the publick view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: now I must tell you that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleases me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day, yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come home to my own bed at night: my best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle aged one; you knew me a middle aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my lord ——— *? methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of last year.—"You need not ap-"prehend any Curll's meddling with your letters to "me; I will not destroy them, but have ordered "my executors to do that office." I have a thousand things more to say, *longævitas est garrula*, but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so; I am ever, dearest sir, your, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

* Perhaps Hervey. BOWLES.

FROM THE REV. MR. DONNELLAN.

SIR, CLOYNE, OCT. 31.

THOUGH I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours, which very justly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my sister) is such an instance of kindness and regard, as will not suffer me to be silent: I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and at the same time let you know what a thorough and true sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both. And be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occasion of your showing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

I suppose, sir, you have heard what a handsome mark I have lately received of the bishop of Cloyne's favour; and how handsomely it was given; unasked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at least 300 *l. per annum*; and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was the other

other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantick. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleasant, and woody. Its nearness to Cork (being within four miles of it) would make the deanery of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with, I cannot say: this I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I receive from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them. The bishop of Cloyne desires you will accept of his best services; and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, sir,

Your most obliged and
obedient humble servant,
CHR. DONNELLAN.

TO MR. MOTTE.

SIR, NOV. 1, 1735.

MR. Faulkner in printing those volumes did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder; and all my friends pressed him to print them, and gave him what manuscript copies they had occasionally gotten from me; my desire was that those works should have been printed in London,

don, by an agreement between those who had a right to them. I am, sir, with great truth,

Your most humble and affectionate servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, PARADISE, NOV. 8, 1735.

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind. I would rather be chid by you for my silence than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was so short, I had not time to disgrace myself with you. I was ambitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it: I left you at a critical moment; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies? and I shall lose the honour of your friendship; which loss cannot be repaired in England or Ireland. If Mrs. Donnellan is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. Donnellan for her character; and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I can-

I cannot help lamenting Dr. Delany's retirement. I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company: if you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. Donnellan is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London; as much convinced of it, as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty? My lot is thrown on English ground; I have no pretence to fly my country: furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country; as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading Beaumont and Fletcher's works: they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, Derham's lectures: many things are too abstruse for me in that study; but I fancy myself, in some respects, much wiser than I was before I read them. If you do not approve of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. Donnellan does not see you often: she cannot be pleased

pleased with a situation that prevents her having that satisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often; and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: he very well deserves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit: if I have not quite tired you, I hope you will soon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing any thing that may give you trouble: but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, sir,

Your most obliged and humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY *.

Those parts of the letter distinguished by inverted commas (" ") were written by Dr. Sheridan.

MADAM, NOV. 8, 1735.

NOVEMBER 3, to Dunshallan, twelve long miles, very weary; November 4, to Kells, sixteen miles, ten times wearier: the 5th, to Crosskeys, seventeen

* A first cousin of the Dean's, who came from her own house at the other end of Dublin three days in each week, to read and chat with him, after Stella's death, being the principal female that frequented his table for many years, while his memory remained. D. S.

long

long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all: yet I baited every day, and dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland. Let the doctor do his part.—"Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear golashes, as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope when the weather mends, that every thing will be better, except the two before mentioned. Now the Dean is to proceed."—In short, but not literally in short, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanery, and see how the world goes there. The doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The doctor, since his last illness, complains that he has a straitness in his breast, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him

him your advice, and I will write to your brother Helsham this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.—"Dear madam, I beg you may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, than Webber. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean in potentia. If you do not understand so much logick, Mr. Harrison * will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing any thing wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to one of the club. The Dean may say what he pleases of my ay con O my; but I assure you I have this moment in my house, a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, beside some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the Dean if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair of tables. Now hear the Dean."—It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the doctor last writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss? with your clerk and schoolboy? So God bless you all. If the doctor has any thing more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at doctor Sheridan's in Cavan; but let a clubman frank it, as I do this. Mr. Rochfort is my franker: yours may be general ——, or some other (great beast of a) hero. My

* Mrs. Whiteway's eldest son. D. S.

two

two puppies have, in the whole journey, over-puppied their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf.—"The devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all good wishes and affection,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

"You were plaguy saucy, who did not like my nuts: I do assure you my dog Lampey cracks them; the Dean is my witness."

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, NOV. 8, 1735.

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was pox on all Irish writers, and Irish letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lie? How does Dr. Sheridan? How do you like Cavan? And how do all the good victuals Dr. Sheridan promised you turn out? And now, sir, I beg you will be pleased * to suppose, that I began my letter by entreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for

* A cant expression, much used in those times upon all occasions, and here ridiculed. D. S.

me,

me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr. Sheridan would give sixpence I would ask who, rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and uncover, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now to write politely, when I change my subject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr. Waller has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. Throp. I do not know whether you heard any thing of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the House of Commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the deanery, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of Curll. Dr. Sheridan has my free leave to read this, on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you answer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from Molly * never to have done with my demands on you: therefore write, or not write, (unless you command otherwise) you shall hear once a week from, sir,

Your most obedient and
most obliged humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

* Miss Harrison. D. S.

Molly

Molly is just come from the deanery; every thing is in good order. She saw Mrs. Ridgeway there. Young Harrison and his sister present you their most obedient respects.

FROM AN UNKNOWN LADY.

HON. SIR, CASTLETOWN, NOV. 9, 1735.

EXCUSE a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the enclosed poem, being the product of a woman's pen *. I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself: yet venture to desire your judgment of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The muse is my best companion: and if you compassionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must intreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, honoured sir,

Your most humble servant,

M. M.

* The poem is lost. D. S.

Sir, direct to Mrs. Mary Moran, at Castletown, near Gorey, in the county of Wexford.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

LONDON, NOV. 13, 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered a great while since; but I know your sauciness, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend hers, it makes yours grow worse: and the answer to mine had been,—Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine! Now the duke and duchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do.

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of Peterborow; and the connoisseurs say, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy, if it ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in Northamptonshire. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must make, is some; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse; for, being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfry. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but,

thank

thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be bishop of Cork; for his grace is such a silly conceited man, that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. Whetcombe *, because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man; and that besides, by your commands, I was the thoroughfare for a step to his preferment before; and therefore, if I was his grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the countess and George, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. Composition is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

* John Whetcombe, D. D. then fellow of Dublin College, made bishop of Clonfert in Ireland 1735; translated to Cashell 1752; and died in 1754. N.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, CAVAN, NOV. 15, 1735.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

I writ the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was, to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey. I enclosed it in a cover to Mr. Rochfort, in which I desired he would send it to your house: the doctor had his share in the letter: although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where Shele my wine-merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packed up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left Dublin; for these a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanery woman must be ready, and Kenrick and Laud must assist;

and the carrier must take them from Shele's cellar, ready packed up. My service to Miss Harrison. Pray send her hither by the first carrier; and give her eighteen pence to bear her charges: of which I will pay three pence, and the doctor intends paying another penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to Doctor Shift. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c. for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house; but the way is soft, and so fond of our shoes, that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the summer-house, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The doctor is at school; when he comes I will enquire who is this romantick chevalier ——. As to Waller's advertisement, if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My service to miss Harrison and the doctor *, and my love to the two boys. I shall still enclose to John Rochfort, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. Morgan; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of

* Young Mr. Harrison. D. S.

the

the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the doctor.

"Beg a duck! beg a dozen. You shall not beg, but command. The dean may talk of the dirtiness of this town; but I can assure you, that he had more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of him, for I can never get him out of the dirt, and that my stairs, and the poor cleanly maids, know very well. You know that he talks ironically."

FROM MRS. SICAN.

REV. SIR, NOV. 15, 1735.

A GENTLEMAN, who is just arrived from Paris, brought me a letter from my son, who presents his duty to you, and desires me to send you the enclosed. I am sure I was glad of any occasion to write to you, in hopes of the pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived safe at the land of Canaan. The hurt you received in your shin, I was afraid would prevent your going out of town. I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear poor Throp has justice done him in College-Green. The trial lasted till midnight, and two thirds of the house were for him: he is now going to petition the house to oblige colonel Waller to wave his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady

Lady Acheson came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord Orrery is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation. Our Irish ladies made a fine appearance the birth-day at the castle; nothing about them Irish but their souls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw silk are broke: the weavers having no encouragement to work up the silk, sold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my service to Dr. Sheridan, who I hope is recovered. His old friend lord Clancarty drinks so hard, it is believed he will kill himself before his law-suit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs. Whiteway and me to bring a coach and six and set you safe at home, for this is no riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

E. SICAN.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, NOV. 15, 1735.

I AM most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessive weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the doctor's Canaan. The latter I am sorry is not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running sore, dress it twice a day with Venice turpentine, and the yolk of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a day in warm milk; if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done: I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions. You are very rude, doctor Sheridan, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the Dean: no wonder I am so bad a listener, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptisan, and nothing else, except liquorice tea in the morning, and ride every day. Sir, I know nothing of the Spanish liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things from the apothecary's, or Mrs. Sican: but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up: I was wrong that I did not examine them; let Dr. Sheridan take it plentifully,

plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the deanery two days ago; every thing is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs. Ridgeway to get the great chair covered, and Jane to put a fire once a week in your chamber, and in the drawing room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the enclosed papers Mr. Kenrick desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's business. The vengeance take you, doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your goose I will not have; we are overstocked with them; but I send you colonel Waller's case, that came before the house on Thursday. I believe you will wonder, that after the heavy charges laid on Mr. Throp so justly by the colonel that he was not ordered into custody: but to the surprize of every body the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and so the affair ended. It is true, there was a mistake of about a month between colonel Waller's account and Mr. Throp's in the serving of a subpœna; and I think it was a scandalous thing, that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's oath. I suppose you expect I should answer your logick and compliments; but do you think I have nothing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay con O mys? I am no more a liar than yourself; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble respects: so I have done with you this time for good and all. Mr. Dean, I am sure Rochefoucault's maxim never fails: I am this moment an instance of it, taking

a secret

a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My he olive branch has a more immediate loss than any of us; his body suffers as well as his mind; for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation, he applies himself too close to his studies: in short, I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all this morning; and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governour of Glubdubdrib, you will find the same horrour seize you by looking on his countenance *. My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects; says she is not at all changed by your absence, for whenever she has the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, sir,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr. Dunkin's that was sent to the deanery, and this letter that I enclose.

* Mr. Harrison was always very thin, and of a weekly constitution. D. S.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, CAVAN, NOV. 18, 1735.

WE were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. Rochfort was at his country seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never any thing of so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from Dublin until it was cured. It has prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way; and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to day than ever; but the surgeon said, it was because some powder called precipitate (an like you) was put on this morning, to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a Grattan in the gout. I wish I had staid at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health; our house, and shoes, and streets, are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after,

I im-

I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging. Wild fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply deanery conveniences. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocose upon Mr. Harrison's countenance. I hope he has no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, Kenrick, and Laud, must find out Shele the wine merchant: a carrier will go next week to the deanery, be taught to find out Shele with Kenrick. Shele must, as he promised, pack up 12 dozen of his claret which has been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by Shele, and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. Rochfort will be in town to send you this letter.

I am ever yours; and my love to the girl and boys.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, NOV. 22, 1735.

I RECEIVE as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving trouble. But, since I have your license, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mend my errours: you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word faults. When you left us, I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the consequence. I conjure you, dear sir, not to trust any longer to country helps; your appetite, your health, is in the greatest danger, by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in misery, is what I am sure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on Tuesday last in a hogshead: I thought that was safer than a hamper: Mr. Kenrick and Laud were by all the time: they and Mr. Shele were here with

me

me that night: they tell me, they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr. Shele desires the wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half dozens as it is used: the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done: he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap, with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore. Pray, doctor Sheridan, when the dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings.

My son is greatly obliged to you, sir, for your care and advice; and assures me, your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder; yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have commanded me to send you their most obedient respects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr. Sheridan hate writing the word November; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month: the truth was, in my last I could not recollect it (for I think I forgot it) and watched for some of the brats to tell me. Lest I should do the same now, be pleased to remember I write this Nov. 22, 1735. I am, sir,

Your most obedient and
most obliged humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr. Morgan, I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. Rochfort may go out of town, and then I should be long without them.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, NOV. 22, 1735.

HAVING answered your long letter, which was improved by the Doctor's * additions, I now tell you that a Monday next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed, by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. Shele has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogsheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came away. Kenrick and Laud and the woman will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by Wednesday night or Thursday morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack surgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Meantime, I dare neither walk nor ride; and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue till I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild duck, fieldfare, &c. My service to your he and she brats. Let Kenrick, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and Laud and the woman may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entierement a vous.*

* Mr. Harrison's. D. S.

CAVAN,

CAVAN, NOV. 22, 1735.

I shall never be quiet; a country author unknown has sent me a manuscript of two hundred pages for my judgment. Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto: for the doctor has swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

"I can assure you, dear madam, with pleasure, that the Dean begins to look healthier and plumper already; and I hope will mend every day. But, to deal plainly with you, I am a little afraid of his good stomach, though victuals are cheap, because it improves every day, and I do not know how far this may increase my family expences. He pays me but two crowns a week for his ordinary: and I own, that I am a little too modest to grumble at it; but if you would give him a hint about wear and tear of goods, I make no doubt but his own discretion would make him raise his price. Pray do this (as you do all other things) in the handsomest manner you can. I am, to you and yours, as much yours as the Dean aforesaid."

I desire you will hint to the Doctor that he would please to abate four shillings a week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all Dublin cries shame at him for it.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, BATH, NOV. 22, 1735.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you, what I meant, when I told you some time ago, that I was almost tired with struggling to no purpose against universal corruption. I am now at the Bath, where there are at present many Irish families, and though I have inquired of them all if any gentleman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my letter by the common post. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office have most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions; but they would every man of them be turned out, if a letter of mine to you, should escape their intuition. I am thinking what the ministers may get by their peeping; why if I speak my mind very plainly, they may discover two things; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them; and in every thing I say or do, still set them at defiance. These things, if they did not know before, they are welcome to find out now; and I am determined in some other points likewise, to speak my mind very plainly to you. You must know then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant absolutely to withdraw

myself from parliament; perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. Faulkner delivered me your former letter (for I have since had one sent me hither by Mr. Pope) I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service to me. Beside this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same minister, who had projected the excise scheme (before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid) to have chosen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well disposed in general to his purposes as he could wish. His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the minister, I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever a man was, and yet, I say, a new parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired, just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there

ever

ever possibly be of success? Unless it be from confusion, which God forbid I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houses of parliament; he makes them all in one house, and he chooses above half in the other. Four-and-twenty bishops and sixteen Scotch lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, beside the west of England, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his majesty inclined to-morrow to declare his body coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious driver, who now sits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs: the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others; and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it, only double the dose, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended. Beside all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments: I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow labourer in the public cause: he is gone; I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station: no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the publick service, than himself; and I may truly say, that the many

mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years struggling in parliament, was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merrill *; he understood the course of the revenues, and the publick accounts of the kingdom, as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and it is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance, and herein it is that opposition galls the most.

These several matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct has met with your approbation: and give me leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deserve as well as I can. You inquire after Bolingbroke, and when he will return from France. If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about economy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleases to die †. I have seen several of your letters on frugality to our poor friend John Gay (who needed them not) but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see lords of the greatest estates, meanly stooping to take a dirty pension, because

* John Merrill, esq. member of parliament in 1712 for Tregony, and afterward for St. Alban's. He died in December 1734. N.

† Lord Bolingbroke's father, lord St. John. N.

they

they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you, that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing that can recover our constitution, and restore honesty. I have often thought that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two, from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life: but luxury is our ruin. This grave stuff that I have written, looks like preaching, but I may venture to say to you, it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made; if it be true, I am satisfied our ministers did not so much as know of the negociation; the articles, which are the ostensible ones, are better than could be expected, but I doubt there are some secret ones, that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will furnish our ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army.

I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of Wells the bishop and his chancellor have quarrelled: the consequence has been, the bishop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed: the bishop not being able to go himself, directed his archdeacons to visit for him. The chancellor alleges from the constitution of him, this cannot be, and that the bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself: so that

probably

probably all the clergy who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the bishop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the bishop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the chancellor. The bishop in the cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church; the chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain: but upon a reference of the whole to my lord high chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in support of his brother chancellor. I am glad I have left no space to put my name to the bottom of this letter; after some things I have said it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless, when I assure you no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am,

Your most obedient humble servant.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, NOVEMBER 25, 1735.

I HAVE not known for some years, the pleasure of a post day, till within these three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour; for I know it is your study to make the wretched happy. The wine

wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durst, I would repine, that you could think I should require your orders three times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. Apollo has always waited on you, when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he justly quits you, since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime; to punish you, he confines you to a chair; and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more: if not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers: I wish you were safe out of their hands. I was at the deanery on Saturday, though I forgot to mention it in my last letter. My son was there yesterday; and I would have been there to day, if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr. Kenrick, or Mr. Laud, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the enclosed to Dr. Sheridan, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do, be pleased to write to me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it. I must now entreat you to think of coming to town; I trust in God your shin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the winter evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all summer at the deanery. I have staid till the last moment before I sealed this,

in

in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants.

I am, sir, with the highest respect,
Your most obliged and
most obedient humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, CAVAN, NOV. 28, 1735.

I TAKE advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visted four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. Donaldson was one. My whole journey has been disappointed by this accident: for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestick conveniencies wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the back and fore door always left open, which, in a storm, our constant companion, threatens the fall of the whole edifice: Madam as cross as the devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty.

These

These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study), there finishes the meal, and has share of a pint of wine. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. Price, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat, we are hard put to it. It is true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver-eels, and such trash; which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on Tuesday, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. Sican, and another from her French son *, an excellent good one; when you go that way, tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget that you are a cousin, and treat

* The Doctor calls young Dr. Sican her French son, because he was then travelling in France. This young gentleman was at last unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in Italy in a postchaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another postchaise, upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way. D. S.

you as a friend. If Apollo has entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the muses at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal ----- to Dr. Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the doctor will not cast him off, he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster Mr. -----, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach ------ for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and ----- another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. Sheridan, who tells me, that what you desire is to be had here every market-day: and that Mrs. Donaldson understands it very well. "To carry on "the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little "dirty b—h, the firemaker, to be the opener of "the doors, and the leaver of them so; for which "the dean had her lugged this evening by the "cook-maid; for which he paid her a three-pence *, "and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; "and because the cook did not lugg her well "enough, he gave her a lugging, to show her the "way. These are some of our sublimer amuse-"ments. I wish you were here to partake of them. "The only thing of importance I can tell you is" —(Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. It is true that the

* A little silver piece current in those days; but the species has been long worn out. D. S.

legion

legion club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with England, and are putting four pounds a hogshead more duty on wine! The cursed vipers use all means to increase the numbers of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now Nov. 29; I fear the doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. Morgan's heathenish christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. Sican; I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. Donaldson about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the doctor conclude I am ever, &c. "Madam, I have only room "to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of "December) excuse a long parenthesis: your most "obedient and"

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, DUBLIN, NOVEMBER 29, 1735.

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. Kenrick at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to Cavan. The enclosed letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his being a right county of Cavan man.

man. I desire Dr. Sheridan will take care for the future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection, for trusting such rogues. Pray, sir, tell me what I shall do in this business; shall I get Mr. Shele and Mr. Kenrick to look out for an honest carman, and agree as cheap as we can to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the doctor's countrymen. Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birth-day; were my purse as heavy as my heart is, that I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at Cavan, and have left it on Monday morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birth-day, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs (match me that) present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health, and happiness, to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words; but where shall I find any that can express what I would say on the subject? The most sincere would be what I desire for myself whilst I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This I pray God grant you in the largest portion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Mr. Morgan's heathenish name is Marcus Antonius; I saw him and his lady yesterday, who both say they should be glad to kiss your hand; his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the bishop

of

of Ossory, of an inflammation on the lungs: he caught cold on Sunday at the castle-chapel. We have provided one of the bishopricks for doctor Marlay.

I am told by some people that lord Orrery intends to make you and doctor Sheridan a visit; if so, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from doctor Sheridan, in answer to all that I have said to him in this.

I think this is so well written, that it needs no apology for a bad pen. I am, sir,

Your most humble and
most obedient servant,
M. WHITEWAY.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, DUBLIN, DEC. 2, 1735.

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the deanery; but I place no more to your account than from High-street. I found every thing in great order; your bed and window curtains cleaned, and, to my satisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high spirits, the women in good humour, and Mr. Kenrick and Mrs. Ridgeway on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on Sunday. The Drapier's birthday was celebrated by Mr. Laud with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles

bottles of claret. At night Mr. Kenrick gave a supper, with an ocean of punch. Their houses were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him; however, he shall be my saint.

As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprized you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact; while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this I give the author of the Ladies' Dressing room, and Strephen and Chloe, who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed; how pure and sweet it would eat! I have just left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again: I think I will go down and take the other slice *. I know it is not to any purpose to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you show it at Cavan: I suppose your excuse will be at the expence of the poor carman; but, if you had any generosity, you would live on the publick, as I

* Here Mrs. Whiteway is merry with the doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before: on the contrary, Mrs. Whiteway liked hers so fresh, that Dr. Swift used pleasantly to say of her, "That she liked mutton "that was killed to-morrow." D. S.

do,

do, till your rents came in. Dr. Sheridan says, "You gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to spunge on him." I own, I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo Socrates in every thing; let not this keep you, for I promise to provide one for three shillings and four-pence that shall outshine Solomon's brawler.

Molly and young Harrison are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not send you their compliments. My son entreats you will finish your Latina Anglia treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of.

Doctor Sheridan's last letter is so long and full of particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either esq.—— or Mr. —— for relations: nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my oracle, and to acknowledge myself, sir,

Your most humble and
most obedient servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, CAVAN, DEC. 6, 1735.

I HAVE yours of Nov. the 29th. The doctor who is always sanguine reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs; but I who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a day between us, at least if he would leave of inviting young Mr. Price, parson Richardson, Mr. Nash, Mr. Jacob, surgeon of the troop, squire Fleming of Balhaynockhye, doctor O'Neil, doctor Fludd, parson Charlton of Evackthonyeul, beside the rest of our Cavan gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose: it would be a confounded expence: but we will wait until a farther opportunity by Marcus Tully, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to show the doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's cousins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that Tully is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am sorry that it was on account of some scrub drapier, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrrck surgeon prescribed the very same medicine

that

that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt; but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs; but since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expence, I thankfully submit. The doctor will be with you on Friday next: he goes to see the Grand Monde, and beg subscriptions to build a schoolhouse. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with madam and his daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies' dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last, that I was forced to ride five miles after night fall, on the worst road in Europe, or county of Cavan. The doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lie in may be often aired. The doctor will not lie at the deanery, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of Cub; but may your male cub never sit in the club! I will not pay the three shillings and fourpence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs. Donaldson is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I

dare not come to town till Miss Harrison gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is backgammon. Dr. Sheridan is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. Price is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous* I will not stay when the doctor is gone; but this is a secret: and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entierement a vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer * and his lady. God ever bless you and your fire side.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, DEC. 30, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert kingfisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble

* Mr. Morgan, to whom this letter was enveloped. D.S.

your

your grace any more on his behalf. Now by plain arithmetick it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains: and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. John Jackson, a cousin german of the Grattans, who is vicar of Santry, and has a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He has lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris** of two bishopricks, among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier; who, beside his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God has given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club†, to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse: which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by

* The shattered remains. H.

† The parliament of Ireland. H.

dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote Scripture: Although the children's meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish about four miles from hence, where he has built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he has not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say. Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanery, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none, as dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living, consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tithes. Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace; when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa, &c. veniet manus auxilio quæ---Sit mihi, (nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te---Judæi cogemus in hanc decedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, JAN. 3, 1735-6.

I HAVE thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on Saturday, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed; since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold continues still bad, and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again: *et notas audire et reddere voces.* I dine at home to-morrow: will you share a fowl with me? I am scarce able to hold up my head; but the sight of you will go a great way toward recovering

Your ever obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, BATH, JAN. 7, 1735-6.

I AM told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I do not think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect: for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write all in haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongst our refined people of the present

sent age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the Bath waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not disagree with her; this is all can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from Paradise, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling towards me: I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great assurance in writing to you at all; and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you are as much above criticising a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice, if I gave myself any affected airs: you have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, such as they are; none worth giving you any account of: my solace is Mrs. Barber, whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present pretty well.

Company is this moment coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am, sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

MR FAULKNER, JAN. 8, 1735-6.

I AM answering a letter I had from Mr. Pope, when I was at Cavan. My absence and sickness, since I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckiness that you could never find him at home, which, he says, since his mother's death, he is often absent from. I here will transcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return an answer to it, time enough for me to send a letter to-night, and I will insert the sum of it.

"As to his (Mr. Faulkner's) design about my works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it, until he sees the duodecimo edition of them here, with the first volume, published by Lintot: for that, joined to the rest by Gillever *, will make the completest hitherto extant, and is revised by me. I guess they will be out at Christmas."

Pray, let me know what answer I shall make to Mr. Pope: write it down and send it by any messenger, the sooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night.

I am yours, &c,

JON. SWIFT.

I think you may send your answer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

* Lawton Gillever, a bookseller. H.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, CAVAN, JAN. 17, 1735-6.

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleasure; and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed, has not done me justice; for whatever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me. * * * * * * * * * *

As for my *quondam* friends, as you style them, *quon-dam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me toward the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth. * * * * * * * * *

Now to think a little for myself. The duke of Dorset does certainly owe me a small living, for the expensive entertainment I gave him from Terence *. I only want a proper person to dun him; and I know it will be done if my lord Orrery will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a lord lieutenant. * * * * * * * * * * * *

* This was a play of Terence, acted by the Doctor's scholars for the entertainment of the duke. D. S.

I wish

I wish you as much happiness as I have plague, which is enough for any honest man. I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient and
very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO MR. POPE.

FEB. 7, 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the bishop of Derry's, where Mr. secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life, both as a philosopher, and a christian; particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us hereticks can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read

I read to the bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you: pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain, and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own: I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetick, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden* is, that has so lately sprung up in your favour. Give me also some account of your neigh-

* The celebrated surgeon and anatomist. BOWLES.

bour

bour * who writ to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise christian governments, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell my dearest friend; ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

FEB. 10, 1735-6.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oilcloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it to do me good for the headach.

I do not know what offences the duke of Dorset's club, as you call them, commits in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet

* Mr. Pulteney. See in p. 289, his Letter to Swift.

session.

session. And as to all sorts of politicks, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The countess of Suffolk is your humble servant. Mr. Pope and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. Pope's. Why, pray, do you fancy I do not desire to cultivate Mr. Pope's acquaintance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to England, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. Biddy Floyd has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

E. GERMAIN.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MY DEAR MADAM, FEB. 18, 1735-6.

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting: but I pity not him *. I count already that you and I and the world must lose him: but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments; I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from christianity, which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you; only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever your most affectionate and obedient, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

* Theophilus Harrison, esq. a young gentleman of three-and-twenty, who was then upon his death-bed. D. S.

FROM THE BISHOP OF KILMORE *.

REVEREND SIR, FEBRUARY 23, 1735-6.

I SEND you the whole piece †, such as it is: I fear you will find the addition, pursuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the ands and thats, &c. you will send the Kite to the Faulconer, to set it a flying.

I am your very faithful and
obedient servant,

J. H.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

TO MISS HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON, FEB. 23, 1735-6.

I AM in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartily wish you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to day. I wish your eldest brother Whiteway would take care to

* Dr. Josiah Hort, afterward archbishop of Tuam. N.

† A satire on Quadrille, for which Mr. Faulkner the printer was sent to Newgate. N.

carry

carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and every thing that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother.

I am ever, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, FEBRUARY 23, 1735-6.

I AM extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again, which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any person so unadvisable as you are, especially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the best advice, and following the worst. Surely Mr. —— cannot be so unjust as to let me be above ----- pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute he shaked off upon me: if he does persevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little rascally Irish solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between lady Betty Tattle and John Solemn (if my money be not paid, necessity must make me write for bread) upon a subject they will not much like; which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword, I must have

have recourse to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a lawsuit. My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may increase, and once more put me out of a miserable dependance upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the Cyclades in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too shocking to an honest heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. Harrison is in such a dangerous way. I pray God preserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man. I beseech you to let me know, by the next post, how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and
very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I lost sixty-six pounds by a rogue who run off to Drumcor last year.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, FEB. 25, 1735-6.

IN the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and, by the same law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I writ on Monday to miss Harrison, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest calamity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us; because he never intended any thing like perfect happiness in the present life; and, because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit. I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house, and sometimes step to see you. All care should be taken of you, and Dr. Robinson will visit you with more ease, if you have occasion for him. Mrs. Ridgeway shall attend you, and I will be your

companion. Let miss Harrison return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear madam,

Your most obedient servant and cousin,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, FEB. 29, 1735-6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr. Harrison, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last, I must own, that I have great compassion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor mother; for none else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. Price cannot hold out a fortnight; and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the Concordatum; if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person, who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. CARTER *.

HENRIETTA STREET, MARCH 11,
1735-6.

SIR,

I WOULD have waited on you, when I sent my servant with a message, but was informed you did not see company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occasion for a great many cargoes from our friend, Mr. Jervas †.

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing any thing agreeable to you. I have long wished for some instance of assuring you that I am, with great respect,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
THOMAS CARTER.

FROM MR. POPE.

MARCH 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted

* Mr. Carter was master of the Rolls in Ireland. D. S.

† A fine print of the Dean, engraved by Fourdrinier, from an original picture painted by Jervas, which was afterward purchased by the earl of Chesterfield, and placed in his elegant library at May Fair, in the collection of English authors. D. S.

it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science: 2. A View of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable, Arts: 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities: 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a Satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the relicks of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writing? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead, for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As

soon

soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quere, who Cheselden was? it shows that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery; and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone. I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of lord Bolingbroke's, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius: whatever befals him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity *.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich; that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough; nothing but myself at home: the kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone; yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guest they have lost. I have more fruit trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good melons and pineapples of my own growth. I am

* Discedo Alcæus puncto illius! ille meo quis?
Quis nisi Callimachus? BOWLES.

as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me: but gardening is near akin to philosophy, for Tully says, *agricultura proxima sapientiæ.* For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have more grace and wit than to be a bishop) even give all you have to the poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing else) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, MARCH 27, 1736.

I HAD a pleasure and grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, and to find you uneasy at a thing which God only can mend. The dream, which I had before the receipt of yours, was so odd and out of the way, that if Artemidorus were living, he would confess it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, because if you be not much changed, no man ever could sift a matter to the truth beyond you. Thus it was;

Imprimis, I fell asleep (or I could not dream) and what was the first thing I saw, but honest Cato in a cockboat by himself, engaging not only a large fleet of foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about against some dirty shattered floats, filled

filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were pressed and carried on against their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a shilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it.

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DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. ALBA VIA.

DEAR MADAM,

I THANK my dear friend the Dean and you for your kind warning against a cold, which, I thank God, is not among us, as I told you in my last. Whiskey, of which I take half a pint in the twenty-four hours, with an agreeable mixture of garlick, bitter orange, gentian-root, snakeroot, wormwood, &c. hath preserved me from the asthma for three weeks past to any violent degree. I am happy when my gaspings are no quicker than those of a very quick walker. So much for myself.

Now for your jewel of a son. I never met with any boy of his age of such thorough good sense, and so great a thirst for improving himself. I thank God, he is as you and I could wish. The Dean will have pleasure to examine him. Adieu.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, APRIL 3, 1736.

I WOULD have written last post, but I had such a violent headach, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the business I have is to make you a paper visit, only to ask you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the question; but when I tell you, that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I should be afraid of losing one of them; and therefore I must give you some rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.

2. Ride slow and often.

3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs. Whiteway.

4. Do not strain your voice.

5. Fret not at your servants blunders.

6. Take a cheerful glass.

7. Study as little as possible.

8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get these precepts by heart, and observe them strictly; and, my life for yours, we shall see better times in the next century.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 22, 1736.

I AM sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to Bath. I was in hopes, you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there, was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I have heard since I received the favour of your last letter, that you have been much out of order. I believe we sympathised, for I was very ill with a feverish disorder and cough for a month, which obliged me to defer answering your letter till I came to town. I left the Bath last Sunday sennight, very full and gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than London; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above have the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less. I was grieved at parting with Mrs. Barber. I left her pretty well. I had more pleasure in her conversation than from any thing I met with at the Bath. My sister has found the good effect of your kind wishes. She is very much recovered, and in town with me at present; but leaves me in a fortnight to go to my mother.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was Farinelli *: I find it now turned

* A celebrated Italian singer. H.

on

on "Pasquin," a dramatic satire on the times *. It has had almost as long a run as the Beggar's Opera; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding †. Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make on among the fine multitude. The newspapers say, my lord Carteret's youngest daughter is to have the duke of Bedford ‡. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The duke of Marlborough and his grandmother are upon bad terms. The duke of Bedford, who has also been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of Marlborough to supply him with ten thousand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The duke of Chandos's marriage has made a great noise; and the poor duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in Bur street, Wapping §.

Mrs. Donnellan, I am afraid, is so well treated in Ireland, that I must despair of seeing her here: and how or when I shall be able to come to her, I cannot

* This was written by Henry Fielding, esq.; and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called "The Election," and the tragedy, "The Life and Death of Queen Common Sense." This and some other dramatick satires, by the same author, levelled against the administration of the late lord Orford, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number of playhouses, which was passed in 1737. H.

† Of Frederick, prince of Wales. H.

‡ His grace married miss Gower, daughter of the lord Gower by his first wife, on the 1st of April 1737. H.

§ She was lady Daval, widow of sir Thomas Daval, and had a fortune of 40,000l. H.

yet

yet determine. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon: you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, sir, your faithful and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. Delany.

TO MR. POPE.

DUBLIN, APRIL 22, 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourages me from all thoughts of going to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I could catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends.

As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packetted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal: those things are all tied up, endorsed and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read: no mor-

tal

tal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them, when I am no more.

I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your epistles; not from any other ambition than the title of a friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age* when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said, that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life: it need not be very long, since you have had so great a share; but I have not above one left: and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature, and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? On your side, men of fame start up and die before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord Bolingbroke's genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world.—Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. Pulteney†. It is affirmed that he

* Pope was at this time in his 48th year, and Swift in his 69th. BOWLES.

† Of whom Pope afterwards wrote,

"He foams a Patriot, to subside a Peer;"

which exactly happened; for Pulteney was created lord Bath, after Pope's severe Satire, intituled "1740," was written. BOWLES.

hath

hath been very near death: I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twitenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*; yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum which must lessen every day: and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary; a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

TO DR. SHERIDAN *.

APRIL 24, 1736.

I HAVE been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but

* The paragraphs in *Italics* were written by Mrs. Whiteway. H.

still

still am weak and indolent, not thinking any thing worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide; for during my whole sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and sponging on me; and though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expence by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr. J. R—— never fails; I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d——l not to consider it; I will use him the same way if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a satire on Fairbrother, who is an errant rascal in every circumstance.

Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to suppose I writ; the Dean only took the hints from me, but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would come to town this vacation, and I would have shewn you a poem on the Legion Club. *I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he writ it, because there is a copy of it in hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are some people in the world will say any thing. I wish you could give some account of poor* Dr. Sheridan; *I hear the reason he did not come to town this* Easter *is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged.*

Whatever is said in this page by goody Whit-

well,

way, I have not read, nor will read: but assure you, if it relates to me it is all a lie; for she says you have taught her that art, and as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for upon my conscience you have half starved me.

The plover eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the Dean's stockings so fine, that not one knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; so one answer will serve, if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

If the Dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him, for to my knowledge he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himself alive.

I am sorry to tell you, that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tuesday next for stealing a piece of Indian silk out of Bradshaw's shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have writ a very masterly poem on the Legion Club; which, if the printer should be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a threepenny book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

The Drapier *went this day to the* Tholsel *as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a jacobite. God send hanging does not go round.*

Yours, &c.

TO BISHOP HORT.

MY LORD, MAY 12, 1736.

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your lordship, and as often laid it aside; until, by the unasked advice of some friends of yours, and of all my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer who suffered so much upon your lordship's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of his life; beside the expence of above twenty-five pounds, and beside the ignominy to be sent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For, your lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did at my request search his shop, and unfortunately found it; and, although he had absolutely refused before to print it, because my name as the author was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet, at my desire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: but your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of its having been your performance. I read your lordship's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue, "That he is, in these dealings, the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss." Indeed, my lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings apiece; and

and is a gainer, by each, less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as was the case of that very paper: which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Bettesworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all but at my urgency, which was the effect of your lordship's commands to me. But, as your lordship has since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me; so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration, for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance whom I see at home or abroad: and particularly from one person too high to name, who told me all the particulars: and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity: which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leave us.

Now, my lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, has made you extremely rich; I may venture to say, that the printer has a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings. And if you shall please to

recompense him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket: and as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character; for which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your lordship has too good an understanding to imagine that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world: because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with assuring your lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your lordship's credit and service: because I am, with great truth,

Your lordship's most, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR SIR, MAY 12, 1736.

I SEND you an encomium upon Fowlbrother enclosed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookseller.

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once, except you should think I had two heads? but this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However I shall not let the Dean know it.

SIR,

I wonder you would trust Mrs. Whiteway to write any thing in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,

I have let the Dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

SIR,

I wish you would banish her your house, and take my wife in your stead, who loves you dearly, and

would take all proper care, if any sickness should seize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me: and you know her to be a good natured, cheerful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs. Whiteway is a morose, disagreeable prater, and the most awkward devil about a sick person, and very ill natured into the bargain.

MADAM,

I believe it will not require any protestations to convince you, that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The Dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you (I fancy he hears some whispers against you) but I believe his share of this letter will set all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to his friends' advice, but now we may as well talk to a sea storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

SIR,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you, while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush; for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would; for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself!

As to business, I have nothing to say about money

yet

yet a while; but by the next post you shall have two scholars notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr. —— can force himself to do me justice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you must remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and send it to Mrs. ——. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, sir, yours. My tenants are as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me some money before this. Mr. Jones swears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reasonable that you should honour Belturbet as well as Cavan. Mr. Coote would give three of his eyes to see you at Cootehill. All the country long for you. My green geese, &c. are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yesterday. A bull, a bull: hoh, I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DUBLIN, MAY 15, 1736.

MRS. Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a letter since you got to your Caban (for the V consonant was anciently a B) I mean Cavan: but however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed, that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses, and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe; we have a year and a half before the club will meet to be revenged farther on the clergy, who never offended them; and in England their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church, but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools, as popish and jacobite. I took leave of the duke and duchess to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England 25,000*l.* a year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of all the merchants, shopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now lose by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to say a worse) man by 60,000*l.* than he was when he came over; and the nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a million; beside the worthy method he hath taken in disposal of employments in church and state.

state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the Legion Club; it is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw; though I have once read the true one. What has Fowlbrother * done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title shall be, "Upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia."—Mrs. Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open hearted letter very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

† "Sir, I am most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have said to me, and of me to the Dean. I found the good effects of them this day; when I waited on him, he received me with great good humour, said something had happened since he saw me last, that had convinced him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice, and at the same time expressed my fears, that it would be impossible for

* Fairbrother. See the letter by Dr. Swift and Mrs. Whiteway, p. 334. N.

† Mrs. Whiteway here begins. H.

you

you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me. But considering the friendship you express to me for the Dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his good rather than your own; and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the expense of giving three shillings and four pence for a wife; and he declares that the badness of pay of his tithes, since the resolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power."

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowl-brother; till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of yours and mine like a rogue: which is so usual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to desire that Mrs. Donaldson * will let me know what I owe her, not in justice but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some club enemies, that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot: it is a death I have a particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. Richardson, who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some; and

* An inn-keeper at Cavan. D. S.

am

am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan; and even to Belturbet *. Pray God preserve you!

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. BENJAMIN MOTTE.

SIR, DUBLIN, MAY 25, 1736.

I LATELY received a long letter from Mr. Faulkner, grievously complaining upon several articles of the ill treatment he hath met with from you †, and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the fact, having heard but one side; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppressions of this kingdom by England are not to be borne. You send what books you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression, if I were a bookseller in this town, I would use all the safe means to reprint London books, and run them to any town in England, that I could, because whoever offends not the laws of God, or the country he lives in, commits no sin. It was the fault of you and other booksellers who printed any thing supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with

* Mr. Richardson's rectory. F.

† Motte filed a bill in Chancery in England, against Faulkner, for printing Swift's Works, to stop the sale of them there, which made the author write this letter. F.

each

each other to print them together, if you thought they would sell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago, that Mr. Faulkner came to me, and told me his intention to print every thing that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it; but when he urged, that some other bookseller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more, but that I was sorry it should be done here.——But I am so incensed against the oppressions from England, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in Europe, or any where else; and conceal it from the customhouse officers, as I would hide my purse from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary: and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your authors books printed here, and send them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with safety and profit; because (I repeat it) it is no offence against God, or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. Faulkner hath dealt so fairly with me, that I have a great opinion of his honesty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookseller; but since my friends told me, those things, called mine, would certainly be printed by some hedge bookseller, I was forced to be passive in the matter. I have some things* which I shall leave my executors to publish after

* "Directions to Servants," and the "History of the last Session of Queen Anne, and of the Peace of Utrecht," both since printed. N.

my

my decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in London. For, except small papers, and some treatises writ for the use of this kingdom, I always had those of any importance published in London, as you well know. For my own part, although I have no power any where, I will do the best offices I can to countenance Mr. Faulkner. For, although I was not at all pleased to have that collection printed here, yet none of my friends advised me to be angry with him; although, if they had been printed in London by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to some little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in London after my decease, I will leave no other copies of them here; but, if Mr. Faulkner should get the first printed copy, and reprint it here, and send his copies to England, I think he would do as right as you London booksellers, who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I shall publish some things that I think are important; but they shall be printed in London, although Mr. Faulkner were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and so I remain, sir,

Your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. FORD.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, JUNE 3, 1736.

THOUGH you have left off corresponding with me these two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the sixth letter I have sent you, since I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My lord Oxford told me last winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr. Cæsar very lately told me the same. It is always the most welcome news that can come to me: but it would be a great addition to my pleasure to have it from yourself; and you know my sincere regard for you may in some measure claim it.

I have been engaged these five months in a most troublesome lawsuit with an Irish chairman. Those fellows swarm about St. James's, and will hardly allow you to walk half a street, or even in the Park, on the fairest day. This rascal rushed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles against me, and would not let me pass till I broke his head. He made a jest of it that night; but the next morning an Irish solicitor came, out of profound respect, to advise me to make the fellow amends: he told a dismal story of the surgeon and the bloody shirt, and spoke against his own interest, merely to hinder me, whom he had never seen before, from being exposed. Neither his kind persuasions, nor the prudent counsels of our friends Mr. L——, and a few more, could prevail

prevail on me. A few days after, the solicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury, and a warrant under the hand of three justices against John Ford, without any other addition. To show his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but desired I would go to any justice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter sessions. By my not doing it, he found out the mistake of the name, which he said should be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the assaults, they would bring an action of eighty or a hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I should do, if a little child should threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded against me, I thought it time to begin with them, and spoke to an acquaintance of mine, a justice of peace, who sent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for assaulting me, and by a small stretch of power, committed him to the Gatehouse, where he remained some days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged sufficient, if his Irish solicitor had not gone to another justice, and taken a false oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it seems, cannot be punished, because it was not upon record. We presented bills against each other to the grand jury, among whom there happened luckily to be some gentlemen: and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terrour of the low people, where they often

often plague one another, and always make use of against those of better rank. Still the fellow blustered, and refused to make it up, unless I would pay his expenses; for his lawyer had persuaded him, that in the end he should recover damages sufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himself by law, he lost his business; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud stomach; he came to me two days ago, made his submissions, we gave reciprocal releases from all actions, &c. and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen, for procuring them liberty to walk the streets in quiet. Thus this great affair has ended like the Yorkshire petition, which has been the chief business of the House of Commons this session. Toward the end, indeed, they found a little time to show their good will to the church. It is the general opinion, that the act for repealing the Test would have passed, if sir Robert Walpole had not seen the necessity of his speaking, which he did in the most artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted against him, as well as most of the patriots, and among others, lord Bathurst's two sons. In the House of Lords, next to the duke of Argyle, your friend Bathurst and lord Carteret have shown most rancour against ———. It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of state, and the whole bench of bishops, joined to the tories, could not prevent any one question in disfavour of the church.

I am asked every day, if there be no hopes of ever seeing you here again; and am sorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt

doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with assuring you, that nobody wishes you all happiness more than I do, who am most entirely yours, &c.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JUNE 3, 1736.

MR. Lucas is now in Dublin, who will pay that small bill on demand. I hope Mr. —— will not disappoint us, and then poor Mrs. —— will be relieved. I must set out soon for Dublin. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather must and shall be good; and you must and shall be in good health; you must and shall come with me.

My walk it is finish'd,
My money diminish'd;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll soon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is a hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will please you. My rolling stone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogsheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers.

tapers. My son writes me word that Mr. Vesey's family are angry with me for inserting some lines in the Legion Club touching him. Upon my soul, I never inserted one line in it; and upon the whole, I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are in top order. Are not you sick of Dublin this hot weather? How can you stew in such an oven? My sheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will please you very well. You saw the king's speech, I suppose. I am glad to find by it, that he resolves to stand by us. Our breams here are exceedingly good and fat; we dress them with carp sauce. Doctor Walmsley writes me word by last post, that they are making way to bring me to Armagh. Martin is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy; so that if my lord Orrery would only mention me to the lord primate, it would do. I know my lord chancellor is so well inclined toward me, that he would willingly join in the request. Consider the lands are worth four hundred a year, and the situation much more advantageous. This must be a secret, upon several accounts. So much for business, and no more. My artichokes, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; so are my strawberries. I hear that the czarina, Kouli Kan, and the emperor will overrun Turkey. You will not know my house when you see it next, it will be so altercated. Pray what says goody Whiteway to the world? I hear she gives herself strange airs of late in calling me nothing but Sheridan. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your house, I shall make her keep her distance, especially when company is present; for

she

she wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and pease, are in fine order; you must pay half a crown a quart, if you eat any. I shall be very reasonable as to the rest of your diet.

You shall want nothing fit for mortal man
To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.
And all that's expedient,
From your most obedient.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JUNE 5, 1736.

I AM so tormented, and have been for eight days, that I lie stretched in my bed as I now write: however, I begin to be easier, and I have hopes that I shall be able to attend in my school on Monday. Surely no person can be so stupid as to imagine you wrote the Panegyrick on the Legion Club. I have seen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine every body to be its author; and what they have done to deserve such treatment, is to me a mystery.

I never writ in this posture before; and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewise great; and therefore whether I will or not, I must take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleasant, and my company likewise, to set out with you from Dublin on Thursday fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have three deer parks at my command; Coote's,

Fleming's, and Hamilton's. I have at present forty chickens, all fat; twenty sheep of my own, and sixteen lambs (for lamb will be in season a month longer), geese, turkey, &c.

My hens are hatching,
My house is thatching,
My geese a gagling,
My wife a dragling,
My corn a threshing,
My sheep a washing,
My turf a drawing,
My timber sawing,
My gravel walk raking,
My rollingstone making,
My ale a brewing,
Myself a stewing,
My boys a teaching,
My webs a bleaching,
My daughters reading,
My garden weeding,
My lime a burning,
My milk a churning.
In short, all nature seems to be at work,
Busy as Kouly Kan against the Turk.

I do not wonder that Mr. Towers has discarded that graceless whelp; but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for mischief would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs. Whiteway will prove false, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and choose, where I like best. The summer has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our country; the latter I think, indeed, less troublesome,

blesome. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have lost so much flesh, which indeed is my present case. If my skin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both up by help of some housewife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming: Sure I have a gravel walk finished twelve perches in length, eight gradations of pease, which will last you to October. You cannot imagine what a good housewife I am grown; my garden is well stocked; I have every thing but money: but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Jones will order the money by first opportunity. May all happiness attend you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DUBLIN, JUNE 5, 1736.

YOU must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter, because I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health, and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the legion-club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a legion-club, for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what is that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regular in your life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the

piles; I mean any piles * except those of lime and stone, and yet piles are not so bad as the stone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. John R—— (for he does not deserve the name of Jack) is gone to his six-miles-off country seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of 10*l.* odd; for I thought your first was double: or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance: although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man.——As to your venison, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for your lambs. *Addenda quædam.*

My wife a rattling,
My children tattling.
My money spent is,
And due my rent is.
My school decreasing,
My income ceasing.
All people tease me,
But no man pays me.
My worship is bit,
By that rogue Nisbit,
To take the right way,
Consult friend Whiteway.
Would you get still more?
Go flatter Kilmore †.
Your geese are old,
Your wife a scold.

* The author held puns in contempt, but could sometimes make himself merry with them. H.

† Dr. Josiah Hort, then bishop of Kilmore. H.

Mrs.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend, but our old ones have forsaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not you give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at Cavan; and such a *no* summer as this: I, who am the best fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to show my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free (which nothing but exercise can give) you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now.

JON. SWIFT.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, JUNE 15, 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, That I never proposed any one thing to his grace, wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your ladyship from a child;

child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church preferment for any friend, except one too inconsiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my lord duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thousand men: two of them are parsons, as you whigs call them; another is lord mayor of this city, and was knighted by his grace a month or two ago. But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackson, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish; but he has four children. He only wants some little addition of a hundred pounds a year; for he has laid out eight hundred pounds, to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave; and we cannot spare him. He has lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my lord duke as a most deserving person. His grace has now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanery of small value; it was a hedge deanery, my lord duke will tell you what I mean; we have many of them in Ireland: but, as it does not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party man, but a loyal subject. It is the deanery of Cloyne: he is well acquainted with the bishop, who is Dr. Berkeley; I have reasons enough to complain of my lord duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man, whom he had made

made one of his chaplains before he came over: and therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanery to Mr. John Jackson, I will fall out with him for ever. I desire your ladyship to let the duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a newspaper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married, with five and forty thousand pounds to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so bold to tell you, that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, Madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient and obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

THE ANSWER.

JUNE 23, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering yours of the 1st of May, before I thank you for that of the 15th of June: but I do not question the newspapers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother Henry Berkeley. And what

what is in addition to the grief for the best-natured, honest, sincere, disinterested, friendly brother, is the having left a wife, three daughters, and two sons, literally without bread to eat: though perhaps that part might soon be made easy, if those of his relations were as willing, as they are able, to help to take care of them, which hitherto they have only the benefit of from my two nieces. She that you call the saucy one, has bestowed her very great fortune (much more than you mention) on lord Vere Beauclerk, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go, in about a fortnight, to Knowle; and when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the duke of Dorset. My brother George and lady Suffolk are gone to France to make a visit to lord Berkeley; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, for her health, which I am afraid is very necessary for her, and truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother George is not the honest good-natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well, if she is not so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times,

Your most sincere and truly humble servant,

E. G.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JUNE 23, 1736.

IF you can believe me, I can assure you, that we have a great plenty of flies at Cavan; and let me whisper you in this letter, *nec desunt pediculi nec pulices;* but I beseech you not to speak of it. *Si me non fallit observatio,* we shall have more of the Egyptian plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die crastino adventura est in Cavanniam nostram.* I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De nostro cibo, nisi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, si gustaverint.* The ladies are already bespeaking seats in my field upon the hill, *Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.* Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic splendentes congregantur ut ipsis pavonibus pudorem incutiunt,* of which I am an eye-witness, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt.* Our bakers are all so busy upon this occasion, that they double the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas.* But when the army fires on Friday, *proh Jupiter! infernum redolebunt et spirabunt.* The noise of guns, the neighing of the horses, and the women's tongues, *cœlum atque terras miscebunt.*

Grouse pouts are come in,
I've some in my bin,
To butter your chin;
When done with our din-
—ner, through thick and thin
We'll walk out and in,
And care not a pin
Who thinks it a sin.
We make some folks grin,
By lashing their kin, &c.

I could

I could not mention troop-horses, *quin Pegasus noster lusit exultim ut vides; sed jam stabulo inclusus de versibus nihil amplius.* You may be surprized at this motley epistle; but you must know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall shook away half my English and Latin, *cum omnia lingua Gallica, Hispanica, necnon Italica.* I would rather indeed my wife had lost her one tongue, *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus dubito nisi radicitus evelleretur tonitrui superaret.*

I wish your reverence were here to hear the trumpets;
Mistake me not, for I mean not the strumpets.

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, could, might, would, or ought to come. My house is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the provost, archdeacon Wall, the bishop of Clogher, and ——, by way of enlivening the rest. Do not let my lord Orrery come with them; for I know they will not be pleased with his company. My love to my sweetheart Mrs. Whiteway, if she continues constant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuse my haste. I hope by the next post to make up for this short epistle. I am, dear sir, with all affection and respect, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I send you a letter from Mr. Carte *.

* The Historian; see p. 382. N.

FROM MR. DONNELLAN.

SIR, CORKE, JULY 2, 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands with relation to Mr. Dunkin *; and, in pursuance of them, have writ to two of my friends among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition, and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness possible: which, I assure you, I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. But, beside the right that you have to command me, I think, Mr. Dunkin's case, as Mrs. Sican has represented it, really very worthy of compassion, and on that account likewise should be very glad I could be of some service to him. To be sure, he acted a very silly and wrong part in marrying, and in the affair of Dr. Cope's daughter; and I fear he has hurt himself very considerably in the opinion of the

* A female relation of Mr. Dunkin had bequeathed an estate in land, for ever, to the college and fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterward assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this request, allowed him at this time an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased to 100*l*. He succeeded in his application; and the earl of Chesterfield, when he had the government of Ireland, in the year 1746, gave him the school of Enniskilling, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king Charles I. D. S.

college

college by his strange behaviour at the board, without occasion. But I hope all this will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you had done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not show their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

My sister and I were very sorry we had not the pleasure of seeing you the morning we called at the deanery-house. We were just then going out of town, and had not another opportunity of taking our leave of you. She desires me to make her compliments to you in a very particular manner. We are both exceedingly busy in getting our little house ready, and hope to remove into it next week. I shall not trouble you, sir, with a description of it, but, in a few words, it is really a very sweet little spot, and, though so near a great town, has all the advantages of a complete retirement.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we have all reason to desire the continuance of; and what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELAN.

TO THE PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN *.

DEANERY HOUSE,

REV. AND WORTHY SIRS, JULY 5, 1736.

AS I had the honour of receiving some part of my education in your university, and the good fortune to be of some service to it while I had a share of credit at court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a case before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. Dunkin, whom you all know, sent me some time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done. His request is, that you would be pleased to enlarge his annuity at present, and that he may have the same right, in his

* This letter plainly shows the author's friendship to gentlemen of genius and learning, although unacquainted with them; but, soon after this, Mr. Dunkin was introduced to the Dean, who did him farther services, by recommending him to Dr. Bolton, archbishop of Cashell, who ordained him. F.

turn,

turn, to the first church preferment, vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the scheme of his aunt's will; because the absurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifest: and the intention of the testator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propose is this, that you would increase his pension to one hundred pounds a-year, and make him a firm promise of the first church-living in your disposal, to the value of two hundred pounds a year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable medium between what he hath proposed in his memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I am almost a perfect stranger to Mr. Dunkin, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor should I know his person if I met him in the streets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts; which, if applied properly to the business of his function, instead of poetry (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels *), might be of great use and service to him.

I hope you will please to remember, that, since your body hath received no inconsiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increase your reputation, rather to err on the generous side toward the nephew.

These are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the case under all its circumstances; and so I leave it to your wiser judgments. I am, with true respect and esteem, reverend and worthy sirs,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

* See the translation of "Carberiæ Rupes," vol. XVI. p. 303. N.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JULY 6, 1736.

I SUSPECT that some secret villain has prevented the lord chancellor to sign my commission; and therefore I entreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his excellency; for I had his consent by a recommendation from my lord chief baron Marley, and Mr. justice Ward. The summer is going off fast, so are my best fowl; and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your six hundred and sixty pounds? We have no way to carry it except you come for it yourself: and do not forget to bring the deed of sale with you for the Marahills and Drumcor. I wish you could sail with them hither, to save you the trouble of riding, which I would rather see than fifty pounds, which I would set my hand and seal to. Mr. Jones, as I told you before, will not pay any body but yourself; so that you must inevitably come *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our venison is plenty: our weather too hot for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past.

Our river is dry,
And fiery the sky;
I fret and I fry,
Just ready to die:
Oh, where shall I fly
From Phœbus's eye?
In bed when I lie,
I soak like a pie;
And I sweat, oh, I sweat, like a hog in a stye.

I know

I know you love Alexandrines; for which reason I closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will set to musick; and pray let me have a base and second treble, with what other decorations and graces, you can better design than I can direct. To let you see you can want for nothing, if you come to Cavan, I write you the following catalogue:

Good road,	Right bacon,
A clean house,	Cauliflowers,
A hearty welcome,	Young chickens,
Good ale,	Fat venison,
Good beer,	Small mutton,
Good bread,	Green pease,
Good bed,	Good water,
Young turkies,	Good wine,
Young beans,	Young ducks,
Young lambs.	Carrots,
Grouse pouts,	Parsnip's, Item
Fine trouts,	

A LONG GRAVEL WALK——

I must trouble your reverence with a small sample of some things, to let you see that all I have said is truth.

REFERENCES.

1. Artichoke.	9. Kidney beans.
2. Carrot.	10. Common beans.
3. Parsnip.	11. Red cabbage.
4. Raspberries.	12. Common cabbage.
5. Gooseberries.	13. Turnip.
6. Currants, red.	14. Cauliflowers.
7. Currants, black.	15. Cos lettuce.
8. Purslain.	16. Silesia lettuce.

17.

17. Thyme.
18. Sweet marjoram.
19. A Cavan fly, and a thousand things beside.
20. Some of my gravel walk.
21. Nasturtium.
22. Cucumber.
23. Orange.
24. Spinage.
25. Onion.
26. Pea.

I would send you some of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to send but my best wishes, which you can only see in my face, when you come down.

Present my love 967894684673405678989732 4 times to my dear Mrs. Whiteway, and all her chickens. I am, dear sir, as I ever must be, your most obedient and very humble servant to command, Dumb Spur it us hose rage it art us.

FROM MR. FORD.

LONDON, JULY 8, 1736.

YOU cannot imagine how much I was transported to see a superscription in your hand, after two years and a half intermission. The pleasure I had in not being quite forgot, was soon abated by what you say of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourself; and retirement makes the strongest impression upon those who are formed for mirth and society. I have not been these thirty years without a set of cheerful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off.

Why have not you a succession of Grattans and Jacksons? Whatever resentment the men in power may have, every body else would seek your company, upon your own terms; and for those in great stations, I am sure, at this time, you would be ashamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is because they fear you, and know your abilities better than you seem to do yourself: even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken spirits. Your giddiness and deafness give me the utmost concern; though I believe you would be less subject to them, and as well taken care of here: nor need you spunge for a dinner, since you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will say no more upon this subject, because I know there is no persuading you.

My legs have been swelled many years: it is above twelve since Beaufort gave me a prescription for them, which I never took till last winter. My lord Litchfield, and other of my acquaintance, persuaded me to it; and they tell me it had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myself perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk constantly every day in the Park, and am forced to be both temperate and sober, because my meat is so much overdone that I do not like it, and my dining acquaintance reserve themselves for a second meeting at night, which I obstinately refuse.

If your rents fall, I do not know what must become of us. I have considerable losses every year: and yet I think Crossthwaite a very honest man. Rents for some time have been ill paid here as well as in Ireland; and farms flung up every day, which

have

have not been raised since king Charles the first's time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmer's. One cause is, their living much higher than they did formerly; another is, the great number of enclosures made of late enough to supply many more people than England contains. It is certain, all last year a man came off well if he could sell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftener from my sister. She writes to me with great affection; but I find she is still wrongheaded, and will be so as long as she lives. As she expected unreasonable presents, she makes them much more unreasonably; and, in my opinion, so illjudged, that I do not wonder more at her than at those who receive them. I see no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the person you give it to must have paid. I have heard no reason to doubt lord Masham. I know nothing of his son, not even by sight. Our friend Lewis is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die. Unless he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at most twice in a year, there is no seeing him. I heartily wish you health and prosperity; and am ever, most sincerely, your, &c.

My lord Masham was extremely pleased with your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

JULY 10, 1736.

I RECEIVED your two letters. The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other: now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents. From bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c.------Mrs. Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every curiosity; she swears the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell. That your whole artichoke leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg, and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslane passed very well with me, but she swore it was houseleek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine, but will have it, that for the credit of your town you would have it born there, although Mrs. Donaldson confesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs. Whiteway proceeds farther in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a p-ss-abed; your beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicestershire. In one thing she admires your generosity,

that

that for her sake you would spare a drop or two of your canal water, which by the spongy bottom needs it so much. The only defects of them all, were, that they wanted colour, sight, and smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledge them all to exhale a general fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your Cavan air.

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

I RECEIVED your letter, which began with "lings." You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and sixty; a trifle! find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not entered in a letter, which I will send you when health permits, and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune cheerfully. I suppose your arithmetick is, that three boys a week are a hundred and fifty nine in a year; and seven guineas a week are three hundred and sixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter? and will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because

because a very honest friend of yours and mine tells me, that with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion: for you have no notion of regularity: and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs. Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her, and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel; I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the bishop of Ossory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a scheme of living with you, when the college green club is to meet; for in these times I detest the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those misrepresentative brutes; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand: not like me, who to save paper confuse every thing. Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave, and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by "minding," that we do by "remembering." Sirrah, said I to a Scotch footman, why did you not go that errand? Because I did not "mind" it, quoth Sawny. A curse on these twenty soldiers drumming through my liberty twice a day, and going to a barrack *, the government hath placed just under my nose. I think of a line in

* Afterwards called the Piddle-guard, and kept within the liberties of St. Patrick's to suppress riots. F.

Virgil

Virgil Travesty. "The d—l cut their yelping weasons." We expect lord Orrery and bishop Rundle next week. This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever; I was there yesterday and met Dr. Helsham, who hopes she was a little better.—16. Here has nobody been hanged, married, or dead that I hear of: Dr. Grattan is confined by a boil; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain. My chief country companion now is philosopher Webber: for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

JULY 11, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed; only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. But my answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his, that the duke could not refuse; especially as my lord Orrery had been most extremely

tremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy: though, at the same time he assured me, he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is a very deserving one also. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write: but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extremely willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. No more will I agree, that you never did prevail, on any one occasion; because the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and I knew before he had set himself.

Lady Suffolk is now at Spa, with my brother George, for her health; and as I shall go, for my own, to the Bath in September, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JULY 20, 1736.

I RECEIVED yours some day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs. Donaldson, who has made affidavit before our town magistrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewise deposed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a rose tree in my own garden: and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thousand of the same species; for I counted them last Sunday. If you will not believe me, pray come down and see. Mr. Jones has your six hundred and sixty pounds ready, but can get no bills to remit it. I beseech you lose no time; for he is uneasy about it. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will lose the best things our country can afford. The ladies are full of your coming; viz.

My wife †,	Mrs. White,
2 ladies Lanesborough,	Mrs. Nesbitt,
Mrs. Maxwell,	Her 5 daughters,
Mrs. Fitzmaurice,	Mrs. Stephens,
Mrs. Hort,	Mrs. and miss Clement,
Mrs. Hamilton,	Mrs. Tighe,
Mrs. Sanderson,	Mrs. Coote,
Mrs. Nuburgh,	Miss Pratt,
Mrs. Cromer,	Mrs. Fitzherbert,

† Who, by the by, hated Dr. Swift above all the human race. D. S.

Mrs. Jones,
Beauty Copeland,
Miss Brooke, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. &c. &c.
All your Cavan mistresses.

News.

Doctor Thompson's servant almost cudgelled him to death going from a christening.

Colonel Nuburgh's fine arched market house, quite finished with a grand cupola on the top, fell flat to the earth. It is now begun upon again. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right venison,
For my benison.

Leave your stinking town in haste,
For you have no time to waste.

Let me know what day I shall meet you. Price and I will stretch to Virginia. That all happiness may for ever attend you is the sincere wish of, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JULY 31, 1736.

I WENT to Belturbet immediately upon the receipt of your letter, and found Mr. Jones ready for Mr. Henry's draught, and glad of it: and so am I—But you are a very fine lawyer in calling your

your deed of sale a mortgage——Instead of cancelling there is more to be done: you must not only cancel, but you must reconvey to me, in a formal manner as if you sold to me—Pray ask advice, and *do* not *do* things hand overhead, as you were going to *do* (observe my style*) like me. If I had not sworn never to set my foot in Dublin, except I were to pass through it for England †, I would go thither next vacation; but I have sworn solemnly I will not —If I had my few friends out of it, I would not care that all the rest were petrified.

Now you must know that I forbid you the town of Cavan as strenuously as I invited you to it; for the small-pox is the broom of death at present, and sweeps us off here by dozens—I never had it, which gives me some little palpitations, but no great fear.—As soon as I can get five hundred pounds in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my presence; and that may be sooner than you imagine, for I have a guinea, a moidore, a cobb, and two Manks pence towards it already——You may think I swagger, but as I hope to be saved it is true.

How grieved I am that I am out of the way while Doctor King is in Dublin. I wish with all my soul he would take a frolick to come hither, because he would cost me no wine, and I have the best water in Ireland.

My collection of witty sayings, &c. is finished,

* This was exactly Swift's style to Sheridan upon many occasions; and now Sheridan, in his pleasant manner, returns the compliment. H.

† Sheridan never crossed the Channel to England in his whole life. H.

if

if I had any friends to recommend them. The best wares of that kind will not go off otherwise. Doctor King promised me his friendship at Oxford. If you would speak a kind word to the publick in their behalf, I know they would bring me in *L'argent*, which I now want as much as I formerly did the gift of retention, when I had enough. But—That —is—neither—here—nor there—

My son—I can affirm is thoroughly reformed; and, as an argument of it, I must acquaint you that his mother finds fault with every thing he does.

My son—is so far poisoned by the serpent his mother, that I cannot get him home, although I sent horses for him. * * * * * *

May all happiness attend you, is the sincere wish of, dear sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

SIR, AUGUST 6, 1736.

I DO not know how this letter may be received, since I never had the favour of an answer to my last. I impute it to the neglect of the post, or any thing rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend. I am now in Connaught, where I assure you I spend the least of my time at cards. I am on horseback almost every day to view the beauties of Connaught, where I am told you have been. I

live

live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under ground. I make nothing of going down sixty steps. I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I should be able to come nigh Addison in several of his descriptions of Italy; for upon my word I think there are several very remarkable things. As you took a journey last winter to Cavan, my lord and I hope you will take one to the county of Kilkenny this winter, where we assure you of a hearty welcome. I must now be troublesome to you; but lord Athunry begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr. Ireland, who was usher to Mr. Garnett, schoolmaster of Tipperary. Mr. Garnett died lately: he has given Mr. Ireland a very good certificate, and most of the gentlemen in and about Tipperary have recommended Mr. Ireland to succeed Mr. Garnett; as you are one of the governors of that school, I hope you will do Mr. Ireland all the service you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this there came in a trout: it was so large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jawbone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pound and a half. My lord and I stood by to see it measured. I believe I have tired your patience; so beg leave to assure you I am

Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at Turlaghivan, near Tuam. My lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

FROM THOMAS CARTE, ESQ. *

SIR, AUGUST 11, 1736.

HAVING at last, after a long application and in the midst of sharp rheumatick pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished "my History of the Life of the first Duke of Ormond, and of the Affairs of Ireland in his Time, I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in England, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentick and proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws and constitutions of this nation. Rapin de Thoiras, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects: and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of Rymer's Fœdera: but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes, for want of understanding the phraseology of acts, which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, Rymer's collection contains only such treaties as

* The celebrated Nonjuror, whose "History of England" still maintains a well-deserved celebrity. N.

were

were enrolled in the Tower, or in the rolls of chancery; he knew nothing of such as were enrolled in the exchequer; and of the publick treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a list of above four hundred by me. Rymer never made use of that vast collection of materials for an English history, which is preserved in the Cotton library: nor ever consulted any journal of our privy council, whenever he refers to any, still quoting bishop Burnet for his author. He never read the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either house, where the chief affairs within the nation are transacted; and did not so much as know there was such a place as the paper office, where all the letters of the English ambassadors abroad, and all the dispatches of our secretaries of state at home, from the time of Edward the fourth to the revolution (since which the secretaries have generally carried away their papers) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; so that he wanted likewise the best materials for an account of our foreign affairs. These defects have made several of our nobility and gentry desire a new history to be wrote, in which the abovementioned, and other materials as authentick as they, may be made use of. They have proposed it to me, and my objections regarding the vastness of the expence as well as labour, that, to satisfy myself, I must have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, &c. in England; but even copies of negotiations of foreign ambassadors at this court (e. g. of the French; all the negotiations and letters of which, for two hundred years past, I know where to have copied) they have proposed a subscription of a thousand a

year,

year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expense. The subscription is begun, and will (I believe) be completed this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this design, having been offered several collections and memoirs of particular persons, considerable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would else no part of them ever see the light: and the manner of the history's being carried on, will probably make every body open their stores.

This is one reason among many others, which makes me very desirous of having your judgment of the work I have now published, and that you would point out to me such faults as I would fain correct in my designed work. It will be a very particular favour to a person who is, with the greatest esteem and respect, sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr. Awnshaw's, in Red Lion court in Fleet street, London.

DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, CAVAN, AUG. 14, 1736.

YOUR account of the Dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends' fears, and his enemies' hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my distance from him; and, what is full as bad, my being so near to one who has

has been the occasion of it. Very rich folks in my debt have made such apologies for nonpayment, that I now feel for Ireland, but much more for myself, because I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in Dublin with a good grace—namely, to pay some debts, which I can not.

My poor lady Mountcashell has a right to a visit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night—and I will venture to the deanery for another. I could wish the best friend I had in the world (you may guess who I mean) and am sure is so still, would take a little of my advice—— You may depend upon this, it should be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving—I must turn my pen, which is my tongue's representative, against you for a while, because I am certain it might be in your power to paint my Siberia so agreeably to the Dean, as to send him hither while our good weather lasted. —My new kitchen is disappointed; so is my gravel walk; but what is worse, his only favourite, my rib —who dreamed with great pleasure, that he would never come. I am sorry she is disappointed; for I am certain she would run away if he had come— God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haste I can out of this Hell; and I hope my friends, (I beg pardon, I mean my friend) will cast about a little for me—if he does not, I will try England, where the predominant phrase is, down with the Irish. I will say no more, but tell you that you are a false mistress; and if you do not behave yourself better, I will choose another. In the mean time God bless you and my dearest friend

the Dean. I am, notwithstanding all your upbraidings, dear madam, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. POPE.

AUG. 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'yes, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love, and I grow laconick even beyond laconism; for sometimes I return only yes, or no, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next; others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull; and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters.

reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to ——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? the thing, if true, should be concealed*; but it is I assure you absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainblean, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is twice or thrice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed. For believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: a genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the house of lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the commons ordered me to print my works, the universities gave me publick thanks, and the king, queen, and prince crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man: you do not know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials

* One of Bolingbroke's Letters to sir Charles Wyndham seems to explain this circumstance, written in the same year, in which he says, "it is reported among you, that I play the Celadon here," &c. BOWLES.

I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done, and can do, neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errours you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than I fear you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, SEPT. 2, 1736.

I NEVER will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; do not flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head: the Bath and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance.

quaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction, but from your own hand; most of my Dublin correspondents being removed to Cork, to Wicklow mountains, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this inquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in sir John Stanley's garden at North End; it is chiefly composed of shells I had from Ireland. My life, for two months past, has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by Rollin's History of the Ancients, in French. I am very well pleased with it; and think your Annibals, Scipios, and Cyruses, prettier fellows than are to be met with nowadays. Painting and musick have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir John Stanley has been all the summer at Tunbridge.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. Pope's accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one; he was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. Pope after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some

some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is Talbot; she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr. Pope is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you, instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great sincerity, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you would like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me as an older acquaintance could make you give me the preference.

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. Delany *. Sir John Stanley says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, SEPTEMBER 15, 1736.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr. Henry by the last post, wherein he tells me that the six hundred and sixty pounds were short by eight pounds of your

* This lady was some time afterward married to Dr. Delany. N.

principal,

principal, and that you expected I should send you my promissory note for that, and the interest of your money, which I will do most willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or six *per cent.* that I may draw my note accordingly. Indeed if you pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather that you would, I mean should charge only five *per cent.* because I might be sooner able to pay it. Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs. Whiteway know (to whom pray present my love and best respects) that I have made an experiment of the lake-water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice, before my opticks became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for miss Harrison, to brighten her stars to the ruin of all beholders. Remember if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. Tully the carrier (not Tully the orator) is to leave this to-morrow (if he does) by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six quarts of nuts to my mistress * in Abbey-street, with a fine pair of Cavan nutcrackers to save her white teeth; and yours too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I would advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship (which is your best feather) otherwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with hers. Alas, my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement.

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that

* Mrs. Whiteway. D. S.

Mrs.

Mrs. Whiteway rid your mare at the Curragh, and won the plate; but surely she would not carry the frolick so far. They say the primate's lady * rid against her; and that Mrs. Whiteway, by way of weight, carried the bishop of Down and Connor behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this.

Mr. Faulkner writ to me for some poems of yours which I have. I am collecting them as fast as I can from among my papers; and he shall have them in a post or two, so please to tell him.

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here; and so strong was the fermentation of their carcases, that our steeple has visibly grown forty foot higher; and what is wonderful, above twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprises me most is, that the bell rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the provost of the college, or archdeacon Wittingham, or archdeacon Wall. I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

I wish you all happiness, and hope you will outlive every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flourish, and so will

Your obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

* Mrs. Boulter the primate's lady was very lusty. D. S.

TO MR. RICHARDSON *.

SIR, DUBLIN, OCT. 23, 1736.

I HAD the favour of a letter from you about two months ago; but I was then, and have been almost ever since, in so ill a state of health, and lowness of spirits, that I was not able to acknowledge it; and it is not a week since I ventured to write to an old friend upon a business of importance. I have long heard of you and your character; which, as I am certain was true, so it was very advantageous, and gave me a just esteem of you, which your friendly letter has much increased. I owe you many thanks for your goodness to Mr. Warburton and his widow. I had lately a letter from her, wherein she tells me of the good office you have done her. I would be glad to know whether she has been left in a capacity of living in any comfortable way, and able to provide for her children: for I am told her husband left her some. He served once a cure of mine; but I came over to settle here upon the queen's death, when consequently all my credit was gone, except with the late primate, who had many obligations to me, and on whom I prevailed to give that living to Mr. Warburton, and make him surrogate, which he lost in a little time. Alderman Barber was my old acquaintance. I got him two or three employments when I had credit with the queen's ministers; but upon her majesty's death he was stripped of

* Of Summerseat, near Colrane. He was agent to the Londonderry Society. N.

them

them all. However, joining with Mr. Gumley, they both entered into the South Sea scheme, and the alderman grew prodigiously rich: but by pursuing too far, he lost two-thirds of his gains. However, he bought a house with some acres near Richmond, and another in London, and kept fifty thousand pounds, which enabled him to make a figure in the city.---This is a short history of the alderman, who, in spite of his tory principles, got through all the honours of London. I cannot tell whether his office of governor of your society be for his life, or only annual; I suppose you can inform me.

Your invitation is friendly and generous, and what I would be glad to accept, if it were possible; but, sir, I have not an ounce of flesh about me, and cannot ride above a dozen miles in a day without being sore and bruised and spent. My head is every day more or less disordered by a giddiness; yet I ride the strand here constantly when fair weather invites me. But if I live till spring next, and have any remainder of health, I determine to venture, although I have some objections. I do not doubt your good cheer and welcome; but you brag too much of the prospects and situations. Dare you pretend to vie with the county of Armagh, which, excepting its cursed roads, and want of downs to ride on, is the best part I have seen of Ireland? I own you engage for the roads from hence to your house; but where am I to ride after rainy weather? Here I have always a strand or a turnpike for four or five miles. Your being a bachelor pleases me well; and as to neighbours, considering the race of squires in Ireland, I had rather be without them.

If

If you have books in large print, or an honest parson with common sense, I desire no more. But here is an interval of above six months; and in the mean time God knows what will become of me, and perhaps of the kingdom, for I think we are going to ruin as fast as it is possible. If I have not tired you now, I promise never to try your patience so much again. I am, sir, with true esteem,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I hear your brother the clergyman is still alive: I knew him in London and Ireland, and desire you will present him with my humble service.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN STANLEY, BART.

SIR, DUBLIN, OCT. 30, 1736.

I HAVE had, for several months, a strong application made me, by a person for whose virtue, honour, and good sense, I have a great esteem, to write to you in behalf of one of your tenants here, whose case I send you enclosed; and if he relates it with truth and candour, I expect you will comply with his request, because I have known you long, and have always highly esteemed and loved you, as you cannot deny: I know you will think it hard for me, or any one, to interfere in a business of property; but I very well understand the practice of Irish tenants to English landlords, and of those landlords

landlords to their tenants. Yet, if what Mr. Wilding desires is rightly represented, that he has been a great improver, his offers reasonable, his gains by no means exorbitant, and his payments regular, you neither must nor shall act as an Irish racking squire. I have inquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honesty; and that worthy friend, who recommends him to me, durst not deceive me: so I fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or show me strong reasons to the contrary; in which case I will break with that friend, and drive your tenant out of doors, whenever he presumes to open his lips again to me on any occasion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occasion of inquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leisure, and what share I keep in your good will. As to myself, years and infirmities have sunk my spirits to nothing. My English friends are all either dead or in exile, or by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; having loved this present world. And as to this country, I am only a favourite of my old friends the rabble, and I return their love because I know none else who deserve it. May you live long happy and beloved, as you have ever been by the best and wisest of mankind. And if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and shall ever continue, with the truest respect and esteem, sir,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I know not the present state of your family; but, if there be still near you the ladies I had the honour

to

to know, I desire to present them with my most humble service.

I am now at the age of blundering in letters, syllables, words, and half sentences, as you see, and must pardon.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

NOV. 2, 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he also is troubled at it, as the person you recommend is, indeed, what you say, a very worthy person; but Mr. Molloy, who was lord George's second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer, or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before: and I am now literally setting out for the Bath. So adieu! dear Dean.

make it more agreeable: and if I live till my son the painter goes into business, he might be with me. As for Con, if he does not choose to settle here, good Dr. Helsham, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to Ireland.

I have now, sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation; and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me, I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour; which, if you, sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr. King of Oxford was last in Ireland, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on Polite Conversation, and gave such an account of it in London, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady Worseley *, who heard of it from Mrs. Cleland †; and many more of my patronesses pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your original poems; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume farther upon your goodness: but, when I was last in London, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and indeed I have attempted it

* Wife of sir Robert Worseley. B.

† Wife of major William Cleland, a friend of Mr. Pope, and author of the Letter to the Publisher of the Dunciad, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem. B.

many

many a time since, but never could till now.——I humbly beseech you, sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for asking it; for it was others, that out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself, by your writings; and, that since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you, to see me in easy circumstances; that every body would gladly subscribe for any thing Dr. Swift wrote; and indeed, I believe in my conscience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this season; among others, lady Carteret, and Mrs. Spencer *; who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. Spencer's account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold stomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the Bath waters; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of that kind: I know, sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? If you will not try for your own sake, why will you not, in pity to your country? O may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best

* Daughter of lord Carteret, married, first to the honourable John Spencer, brother to the duke of Marlborough, and afterward to William, second earl Cowper. B.

method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. Temple * was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine Madeira, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself you will visit Moor park once again. Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful, humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, PARIS, NOV. 9, O. S. 1736.

As soon as ever you cast your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was transported from Edinburgh to this place requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a small hint; you know I am a

* John Temple, esq., nephew of sir William Temple, whose grand-daughter he married. He was brother to lord viscount Palmerston. B.

Laplander,

Laplander *, and consequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with some witches of distinction. I speak in the phrase of this country: for the first man I spoke to in Paris, told me, he had the honour to live next door to Mr. Knight's hatter. But to our business. I would not have you imagine I forgot my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me shall be dated from London, where I propose to arrive about the twentieth of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the press, and oblige the whole English nation. As to the history, the Dean may be assured I will take care to supply the dates that are wanting, and which can easily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleases, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed less trouble than the interweaving them in the body of the history, and will do the author as much honour, and answer the purpose full as well. This is all I need say in answer to that part of your letter, which is serious: for I hope you are not in earnest, when you throw out such horrible reflections against my friends in Scotland. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greatest politeness and delicacy during my short stay in that country? I found every thing as neat and clean in the houses, where I had my quarters, as even you could desire. I cannot indeed much commend Edinburgh; and yet the s——ks, which

* This alludes to the Doctor's satire called "The Toast," which he pretends was written originally in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, a Laplander. This poem is now exceedingly scarce. It is reprinted, but without the notes and observations, in the Foundling Hospital for Wit. N.

are so much complained of there, are not more offensive, than I have found them in every street in this elegant city, which the French say is the mistress of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un Paris.* As to my own thoughts of this nation, you shall know them, when I am out of it: and then I will write to the Dean, and give him some account of his old friend my lord Bolingbroke. When the Dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to hasten the publication of his history. In the mean time, I beg of you to assure him, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to execute his commissions very faithfully. I am truly sensible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the honour he hath done me, not in the French sense of that word.

I desire my humble service to miss Harrison, and tell Mr. Swift * I shall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real service. At the same time I assure you, with the greatest truth, that I am, madam,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

* Mr. Swift was at this time in Ireland, but returned to Oxford in the spring following. D. S.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, NOV. 21, 1736.

I RECEIVED the vexatious account of your disappointment in the nuts and water, which were both in perfection when they left me, and for which I will make the carrier an example as soon as I can lay hold of him. I do believe this same country, wherein I am settled, exceeds the whole world in villainy of every kind, and theft. It is not long since a pair of millstones were stolen and carried off from within two miles of Quilca; the thieves traced and pursued as far as Killishandra, and farther they were never more heard of, any more than if they had been dropt into hell. I do believe this dexterity may challenge history to match it. It has made all our country merry, but the poor miller that lost them.

I sincerely congratulate with you upon the recovery of our dear friend the Dean. May he live long to enjoy his friends, and the vexation of his enemies! I have been for a week past composing an Anglo-latin letter to him, which is not as yet finished. I hope it will make him a visit upon his birth-day, which I intend to celebrate with some of his own money, and some of his own friends here. Three tenants have lately run away with thirty pounds of my rent: I have by good fortune got one rich honest man in their place, who has commenced from September past, and is to pay me their arrears the next May;

May; so that I am well off. I will gather as fast as I can for the Dean; but indeed he must have a little longer indulgence for me. It is very hard that the Squire —— should keep my money in his pocket, when it is nothing out of his. I suppose he intends it shall keep him in coals for two or three years; for the devil a one he burns, except it be sometimes in his kitchen, and his nursery upon a cold day. I have this day written a complaint of him to my scholar —— of —— who, I hope, will have gratitude enough to do me justice. There never was known such a scarcity of money as we have in the North, owing to the dismal circumstances of some thousands of families preparing to go off, that have turned their leases and effects into ready money. Some squires will have their whole estates left to themselves and their dogs. O what compassion I have for them! I have written a little pretty birth-day poem against St. Andrew's-day, which, when corrected, revised, and amended, I intend for Faulkner to publish. I do assure you, madam, it is a very pretty thing (although I say it that should not say it) and as humourous a thing as ever you read in your life; and I know the whole world will be in love with it, as I am with you. But how the devil came you to tell the Dean you are no longer my mistress? I say that you are, and shall be so in spite of the whole world.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

DR. DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, NOV. 30, 1736.

I HAD proposed vast pleasure to myself, from the hopes of celebrating the Dean's birth-day with you; but as I have been afflicted with a violent headach all day, which is not yet abated, I could not safely venture abroad. I have, however, as in annual duty bound, attempted to write some lines on the occasion; not indeed with that accuracy the subject deserved, being the crudities of last night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indisposition of my pate: but if they should in any measure merit your approbation, I shall rejoice in my pain. One comfort, however, I enjoy by absenting myself from your solemnity, that I shall not undergo a second mortification, by hearing my own stuff. Be pleased to render my most dutiful respects agreeable to the Dean; and pardon this trouble from, madam,

Your most obliged, most obedient servant,

W. DUNKIN.

TO MR. POPE.

DECEMBER 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter for want of good weather at this season is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you began to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean, Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, &c. and in spite of your heart, you have owned

owned me a contemporary. Not to mention lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow: in short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs, as well as my own life.—May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of posterity, when I consider from what monsters they are to spring.—My lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000*l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid; this is our condition in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he has not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave has restored his health.—How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my lord Bathurst and lord Marsham and Mr. Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. Patty Blount, and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero* *, is equally applicable to both. I am less

* "Ill-natur'd censor of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past."

grieved

grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. —My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half a inch from you.—I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subject of such epistles are more useful to the publick, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

FROM LORD CASTLE-DURROW *.

SIR, CASTLE-DURROW, DEC. 4, 1736.

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments

* Only son of Thomas Flower, esq. of Durrow, co. Kilkenny. He was born in 1685; and represented the borough of Portarlington in parliament in the reign of queen Anne; was sheriff of Kilkenny 1731; and in 1733 was created baron of Castle-Durrow, took his seat among the Irish peers, and was called to the privy-council. He died in May 1746; and his successor was created viscount Ashbrook in 1751. N.

of

of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall rather compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your economy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for suet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean Alrich, the greatest man that ever presided in that high post; that over Virgil and Horace, Rag * and Philips smoked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, beside the expence of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled; but a scrap of paper I design to enclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes

* Edmund Smith, usually called Rag Smith. N.

the

the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and such other innocent amusements, I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and refit myself for the publick; but my own notion of the world, for some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. Woodward's shield *; though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next month for England. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a christmas-box: small as the present is, pray believe I am,

* The character of Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, in the Memoirs of his son Martinus Scriblerus, is intended for Dr. Woodward, who wrote a dissertation on an antient shield; and Dr. Cornelius is represented as having intended to place his son in what he conceived to be an antique shield, to be christened; but which being given to the maid, with its venerable rust upon it, she scoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old sconce without a nozzle. H.

with

with sincere respect, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

I hope you are as well as the news says. *A propos*, can you agree with me, that the little operator of mine, whom you saw lately at his grace of Dublin's, has a resemblance of your friend Mr. Pope?

Verses by lord CASTLEDURROW, enclosed in the above letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover rendered in metre.

Old women sometimes can raise his desire;
The young, in their turn, set his heart all on fire.
And sometimes again he abhors womankind.
Was ever poor wretch of so fickle a mind!

The Lover's Answer.

Parciùs junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen. HOR. 1. Od. xxv.

No more shall frolick youth advance
In serenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling stroke no more shall beat
Against thy window and thy gate;
In idle sleep now lie secure,
And never be unbarr'd thy door.

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, LONDON, DEC. 7, 1736.

I ARRIVED here yesterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a positive resolution concerning the History *. You need not hesitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any publick papers; for I can supply them without the least trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of those publick pieces, which you determined should be inserted at length; I mean sir Thomas Hanmer's Representation †; this I have now by me. If you incline to publish the two tracts ‡ as an appendix to the History, you will be pleased to see if the character given of the earl of Oxford in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the same person in the History. Perhaps on a review, you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of Guiscard, and the quarrel between Rechteren and Mesnager. But as these are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiss if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the Gazettes, or any other newspapers of those times. This is all I have to offer to your consideration; and you see here are no objections which ought to retard the

* See the History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne, in vol. VI. pp. 1—256. N.

† Printed at large in vol. IV. p. 299. N.

‡ Both these Tracts are printed in vol. V. pp. 245—389. N.

publication

publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this History should be published from the original manuscript, it must be done while you are living: and if you continue in the same mind to intrust me with the execution of your orders, I will perform them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thousand obligations, which I shall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greatest truth, sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, DUBLIN, DEC. 8, 1736.

I AM glad of any occasion to write to you, and therefore business will be my excuse. I had lately a letter from Mrs. Warburton, the widow of him for whom I got a living in those parts where your society's estate lies. The substance of her request is a publick affair, wherein you and I shall agree; for neither of us are changed in point of principles. Mr. John Williams, your society's overseer, is worried by a set of people in one part of your estate, which is called Salter's Proportion, because he opposed the building of a fanatick meeting-house in that place. This crew of dissenters are so enraged at this refusal, that they have incensed sir Thomas Webster, the landlord (I suppose under you) of that estate, against him, and are doing all in their power to

to get him discharged from your service. Mr. Warburton was his great friend. By what I understand, those factious people presume to take your timber at pleasure, contrary to your society's instructions, wherein Mr. Williams constantly opposes them to the utmost of his power, and that is one great cause of their malice. Long may you live a bridle to the insolence of dissenters, who, with their pupils the atheists, are now wholly employed in ruining the church; and have entered into publick associations subscribed and handed about publickly for that purpose. I wish you were forced to come over hither, because I am confident the journey and voyage would be good for your health: but my ill health and age have made it impossible for me to go over to you. I have often let you know that I have a good warm apartment for you, and I scorn to add any professions of your being welcome in summer or winter, or both: pray God bless you, and grant that you may live as long as you desire, and be ever happy hereafter. Is our friend Bolingbroke well? He is older than either of us; but I am chiefly concerned about his fortune: for some time ago a friend of us both writ to me, that he wished his lordship had listened a little to my thrifty lectures, instead of only laughing at them. I am ever, with the truest affection, dear Mr. Alderman,

Your most hearty friend
and obedient humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

This letter, I suppose, will reach you, although I have forgot your street and part of the town.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, LONDON, DEC. 21, 1736.

I WAS at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay till my return to London, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physick and water drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them.

For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules, of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. Stopford's good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of Dorset, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since John Gay assured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterward, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There

is a sentence, I think it is in Tully's Offices, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the duke of Dorset, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more among you, and the rather since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord Essex will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to show some regard to my recommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from France, who assures me, the person you inquire after *, and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination toward it, though near ninety years old †. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope showed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had

* Lord Bolingbroke. N.

† Lord St. John of Battersea, father of lord Bolingbroke. N.

crossed

crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord Chesterfield says, if he does not come by Twelfth-day, the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs. Mapp, a famous she bonesetter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No Hanover whore! no Hanover whore! the lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, She was no Hanover whore! she was an English one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risk the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good? You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished; and yet I dare say I do not know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord Carteret, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you, that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

FROM MR. POPE.

DEC. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: and indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more

more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity; but if ever you live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the publick rejoicings on your birthday. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality, must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of publick esteem and love. I have seen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me, you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my Books of Letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus,

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias *!*

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiours, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reason to fear, those which you have too partially kept in your hands, will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since

* "How pants my heart old friendship to renew!
How pierc'd with grief old loves decay'd I view!" S.

this

this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters, (one of lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine, to you, which we wrote in the year 1723) and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly; except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost (wit as well as money) to these needy poetical readers.

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking fortune for the tranquillity * he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible; for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But, as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room †; so the course of

* As retirement and tranquillity were constantly the topicks of Bolingbroke's letters, his professions may be as much believed as Pope's, who says of his own letters, that "they had been drawn from him so much *against his own inclination*." BOWLES.

† There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise than by the author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man (labouring and impatient under his infirmities) and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them. WARBURTON.

time

time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use by accident. Thus I have acquired without my seeking, a few chance acquaintance *, of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament; and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impressions, it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than these I see daily. You, dear sir, are one of the former sort to me, in all respects, but that we can, yet, correspond together. I do not know whether it is not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any farther intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: let me drop into common things.—

* Warton says, "Some of these new friends were, I know, displeased at the manner in which they are mentioned in this letter."—He probably means lord Lyttelton. BOWLES.

Lord

Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter * in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you, than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing. Adieu.

FROM LORD CASTLE-DURROW.

SIR, CASTLE-DURROW, JAN. 18, 1736-7.

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from

* These letters, that almost *set us* among the very persons who wrote them, create, with all their faults, a melancholy interest. We hear of their acquaintance, friends, pursuits, studies, as if we knew them; we see the progress of years and infirmities, and follow them through the gradations from youth to age, from hope to disappointment; and partake of their feelings, their partialities, aversions, hopes, and sorrows, till all is dust and silence.

BOWLES.

silence;

silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon.

I am delighted with the sketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, sir Robert *. Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet thing I ever eat. The economy of your table is delicious; a little and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of Corelli's *orcastro* †, in forming which he excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than lord chancellor Middleton; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in Dublin, which to be sure was entirely owing to his lady. You really surprise me, when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. Dublin is famous for vanity this way; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any lord lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence, than our present viceroy ‡. He is an old intimate of my

* A name he gave his housekeeper, Mrs. Brent. N.

† His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. Corelli, the famous Italian musician and composer, and director of the pope's choir at Rome, was eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert. B.—He was so affected with the character and abilities of our famous Harry Purcell, that, as fame reports, he declared him to be the only thing in England worth seeing; and accordingly resolved on a journey hither, on purpose to visit him; and is said by some to have died on the road: others say that he died at Rome, about 1733. N.

‡ The duke of Dorset. H.

youth,

youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any allay in so beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity, which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you have any commands to England for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience; but I beg to see you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority; for, as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and with sincere esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLE-DURROW.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, JAN. 29, 1736-7.

I OWE your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and ideots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great mogul; while the very few honest or moderate men of the whig party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but entirely by consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the points of promises and employments; but a plain honest English farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a piece for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth

Henceforth I shall only grieve silently, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of Dorset.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health has driven you to the Bath; the same cause has hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life when I am to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left; while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which Heaven bestowed on you, for the delight of your friends, the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady Suffolk, and your happy brother. I am, with the truest respect, madam, your, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

FEB. 9, 1736-7.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havock have time, death, exile, and oblivion made *. Perhaps you would have fewer

* All these letters of Swift are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellects and temper,

complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit or am acquainted with any lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What has sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is, reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of publick management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni* *, &c. You have put them

temper, and strength of mind and body; and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into *discontent*, into *peevishness*, into *indignity*, into *torpor*, into *insanity!* Dr. Warton.

* "The circling years on human pleasures prey,
They steal my humour and my mirth away." S.

in

in a strong and admirable light; but however I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried.—I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance *, and some of them may be deserving: for, youth is the season of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future ministers, and future kings.—As to the new lord lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. JOHN TEMPLE †.

SIR, DUBLIN, FEB. 1736-7.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin, Mrs. Dingley, who

* His new acquaintance were, probably, Lyttelton, Murray, lord Cornbury, &c. BOWLES.

† John Temple, Esq. was the nephew, and his lady the granddaughter of sir William Temple, by his only son, who died young. Mr. Temple died at Moor park, in February 1752. N.

lodges

lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not mention or inquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness: as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your aunt's picture * is in sir Peter Lely's best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs. Dingley. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt: and if I live any time, I shall see that she keeps herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. Hatch can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family house at Moor park. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house: but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he has an Irish title (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather) and that some reason or other

* Picture of lady Giffard, sister of sir William Temple. N.

drew

drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord Castle-durrow *, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son † with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your lady with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me. I am, sir,

Your most humble faithful servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, MARCH 7, 1736-7.

I MUST begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health and old age; and yet I confess that the high esteem I preserve for your publick and private virtues, urges me on to retain some little place in your memory, for the short time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letter is owing to your civility which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country with more than an old Roman spirit: which has reached

* Nephew to Mr. Temple; his father having married Mary, the fourth daughter of sir John Temple. N.

† Henry, created viscount Ashbrook, Sept. 30, 1751. N.

this

this obscure enslaved kingdom, so far, as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from Bath; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers of the postoffices here and in London have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case; but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind: which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. Stopford was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments by you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is

not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morals and religion *.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of Dorset's having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us; particularly in his disposal of two bishopricks, and other church as well as civil preferments. I wrote to a lady in London, his grace's near relation and intimate, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never design to attend him again †; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost any where met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he has seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles: but failed in both.

The father of our friend in France ‡ may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in England, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring, to make a

* *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* See Mr. Pulteney's letter, dated Dec. 21, 1736, p. 418. H.

† See his letter to lady Betty Germain, June 29, 1736-7. H.

‡ The friend in France appears to be lord viscount Bolingbroke, whose father, sir Henry St. John, bart., had been created baron St. John of Battersea, and viscount St. John, July 2, 1716. B.

trip

trip to England, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an academick, *Nego consequentiam.* And besides comparisons are odious. You are what the French call *plein de vie.* As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all publick persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. Mapp while it was new to us: there was something humourous in it throughout, that pleased every body here. Will you engage for your friend Carteret that he will oppose any step toward arbitrary power? He has promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm, and yet some reports go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he has, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he has bestowed you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say, Amen.

I am with the truest respect, and highest esteem, sir, your, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, CORK, MARCH 15, 1736-7.

I RECEIVED your commands, by Faulkner, to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of Cork is ever the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at Helvoetsluys, than I am here. The butchers are as greasy, the quakers as formal, and the presbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord, as usual: all things are in *statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will write on; Ogilby, Blackmore, and my lord Grimston *, have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the Change; but am told, that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned of them having read a most dreadful account, in Littleton's dictionary, of Pandora's gold box, it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered, that Pandora was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. Littleton forgets to mention) they would have seen, that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these

* Author of "Love in a Hollow Tree." H.

affairs,

affairs, when I have taken my seat among the grey-beards.

My letters from England speak of great combustions. Absalom continues a rebel to royal David: the Achitophels of the age are numerous and high-spirited. The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of Cork, wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine.* Heaven, and all good stars protect you! For let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe, and unsinged, who cares whether Persia submits its government to the renowned Kouli Khan, or that beardless unexperienced youth, the Sophi. At least the vicar of Bray and I shall certainly be contented.

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, CORK, MARCH 18, 1736-7.

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have received* from Mr. Pope, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you a part of a fifth volume of Curll's Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you (one from Mr. Pope, the other from lord Bolingbroke) just published, with an impudent preface by Curll. You see, Curll, like his friend the Devil, glides through all key-

* See the next letter. N.

holes,

holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pope is still uneasy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I sent him from Dnblin (which he has not yet received) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topick, you remember you told me, he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution. God forbid that any more papers belonging to either of you, especially such papers as your familiar letters, should fall into the hands of knaves and fools, the professed enemies of you both in particular, and of all honest and worthy men in general!

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanery, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. Pope's letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistable. As I have thoughts of going to England in June, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I entreat you, give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life; which, whether long or short shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant,

ORRERY.

MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of your friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I enclose to you, that you may show him. The man's declaration, "That he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water," with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the Dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this: and, the third time silent. I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and in whatever hands, while they are Irish hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike

alike to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the Dean, so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by showing him what I write. I told him as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however, to say, they would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by their management of them, than I by mine: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment at least, I presume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many of his works will live; which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When

all

all this must die, (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and Curll, and every body else, may say and lie of me as they will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

TO MR. GIBSON.

MR. GIBSON, MARCH 23, 1736-7.

I DESIRE you will give my hearty thanks to Mr. Richardson for the fine present he has made me; and I thank you for your care in sending it me in so good a condition. I have invited several friends to dine upon it with me to-morrow, when we will drink his health. He has done every thing in the genteelest manner, and I am much obliged to him. I am your friend and servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

MARCH 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task: for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of.

The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed; they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much: my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants: and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestick life, and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and I firmly hope your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death; and who I cannot but hope have an attractive power to draw you back to a country, which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These

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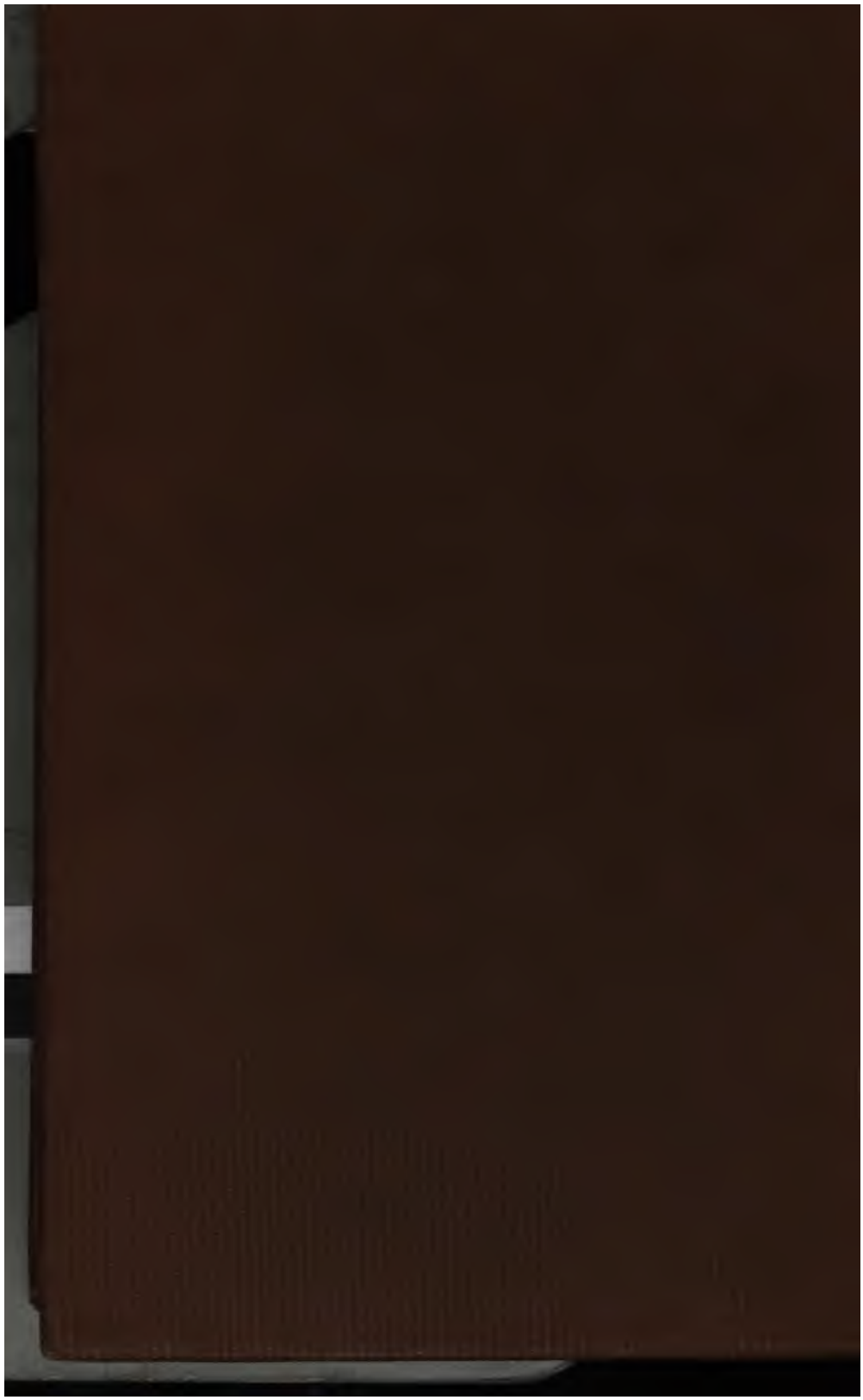
look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him, at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves in it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their imperfections on their head, so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old housekeeper and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

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